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WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, whose interview heads this issue, was Chief Counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti in the last phases of that case. Of an old New England family, he is an ex-Assistant United States District Attorney and is one of Boston's best known and most respected lawyers. His statements presented herewith illuminate and confirm the proofs of Vanzetti's innocence of the Bridgewater crime which were printed in the last issue of The Outlook and Independent. No statement from the prosecution will be found in this number because up to the hour of going to press no word has been received from Governor Fuller in response to our letter to him, except an acknowledgment of its receipt.

MEANWHILE, we are glad to echo Mr. Ellery Sedgwick's plea for justice to the Catholic Church for its conduct in this election. In pursuance of it we are printing an article on the subject by a man who ought to know all about it, Mr. George Shuster, Assistant Editor of the "Commonweal," well known Catholic weekly.

WE KNOW Mr. Shuster personally, and asked him some time ago, as a public service, to make clear much that was not clear to us about his church. We think his article is a step in that direction, and a most necessary one. Certainly, the conduct of the great body of priests of the American Catholic Church under fire has been most gallant, and whether it is a result of discipline or of Christian forbearance, it is worthy of Protestant recognition. Once the election is over, we think most people will recognize it. Religion has no place in American politics.

AS FOR the election itself, it is now practically on the knees of the gods. Our periodic education in political matters is over. America, industrially and socially speaking, can go ahead once more. This is a good thing, for the business of politics is a small part of the adventure of life.

THE OUTLOOK and Independent looks forward to an interesting winter.

Francis Rufus Bellamy

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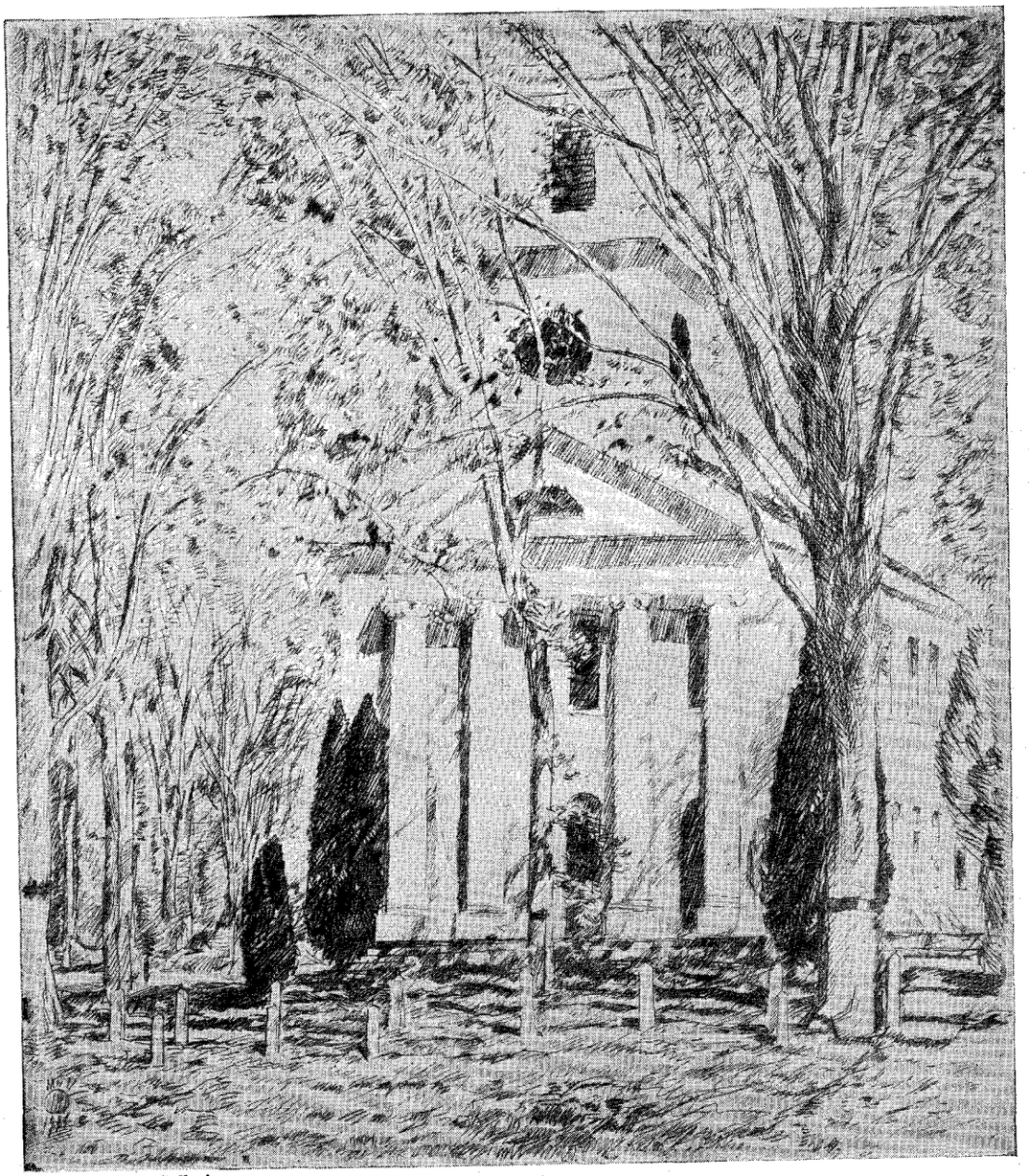

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CHURCH AT OLD LYME
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Outlook
and Independent
November 7, 1928

Checking Up the Vanzetti Story

An Interview With the Chief of Counsel for the Defense

By SILAS BENT

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON, who became chief of counsel in the Sacco-Vanzetti case after Vanzetti had been convicted of the attempted robbery at Bridgewater, and after both men had been sentenced to death for the South Braintree crime, is by common consent rated as one of the most distinguished members of the Massachusetts bar. He has lectured on law for years at Harvard and is still lecturing there. Sprung from old and eminent New England stock, he is an independent politically, and a trustee for estates running into the millions. He has not identified himself with any particular type of professional work. Although he has often appeared for corporations, he has as often appeared against them, both in jury trials and in appellate courts. Perhaps it was because he had maintained his professional independence that he was able and willing to support the unpopular side of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, and to stand the financial sacrifice which such a course involved.

Mr. Thompson and his colleague, Herbert B. Ehrmann, had charge of the complicated court proceedings which preceded the appeal to Governor Alvan T. Fuller, and of the appeal to him and his advisory committee headed by President A. Lawrence Lowell of Harvard. Conceding the truth of the confession by James Mede and Frank Silva to The Outlook, why was no use made of their story? Were the attorneys for the condemned men ignorant of it? Or did they know of it and disbelieve it? These questions The Outlook sent me to Boston to lay before Mr. Thompson. His reply includes the text of a letter he wrote to Governor Fuller about this very matter, before Sacco and Vanzetti were executed. At many points this interview is a verification of the affidavit Mede made to The Outlook, as printed in its issue of October 31.

"You have asked me," Mr. Thompson said, "what Mr. Ehrmann and I knew about Mede before the execution of Sacco and Vanzetti. I have avoided talking for publication about this case; but your question is of importance. For we did know a good deal about Mede, and one of two inferences (both erroneous) might be drawn from that fact: first, that we did not believe Mede's story; or second, that if we did believe it, we neglected our duty to Sacco and Vanzetti. The truth is otherwise.

"It must be understood that at no time from the beginning of the trial at Dedham for the South Braintree crime, up to the time when Vanzetti's petition for pardon was filed with the Governor, was it possible in any of the judicial proceedings that occurred before Judge Thayer or before the Supreme Court, to discuss the Bridgewater case. This situation was created by the act of the Government in trying Vanzetti alone for the Bridgewater crime before trying Vanzetti and Sacco for the South Braintree crime, and securing a conviction and a sentence of Vanzetti, so that when he appeared in court at Dedham he appeared before a judge who had previously sentenced him to State Prison; and although that fact was not formally mentioned at the Dedham trial, it had been given publicity in the newspapers, was inferentially referred to at the trial by Mr. Katzmann, and must have been well known to everybody.

"The injurious effect of that combination of circumstances persisted throughout all the subsequent proceedings, including the proceedings before the Governor and his Advisory Committee. The fact that Vanzetti had been convicted of a highway robbery committed before the South Braintree crime not only removed from everybody's mind the presumption of innocence, but created a presumption of guilt; and the fact that Sacco was his friend and associate created a similar presumption against Sacco. I have always felt that the effect of this combination of circumstances was one of the most fatal influences operating against both defendants in all the proceedings beginning with the Dedham trial and ending with the appeal to the Governor and his Advisory Committee.

"When Mr. Moore ceased to be counsel for Sacco and Vanzetti he left some papers with me, but by far the larger part in charge of a friend in Boston—papers covering his investigations of every aspect of both cases. Moore was not counsel for Vanzetti at the Plymouth trial for the Bridgewater crime; but after he became counsel for Sacco, and in a sense for Vanzetti also, in the South Braintree

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case, he made a considerable investigation into the Bridgewater case and the circumstances of the trial. His papers were for a good while practically not accessible to me. I finally obtained permission to have them transferred into the custody of the Sacco-Vanzetti Defense Committee, where at my request they were looked over by somebody connected with the Committee, and part of them were sent to my office. It was utterly impossible for me at the time I was preparing affidavits, making motions, and conducting hearings before Judge Thayer on the Dedham case, to give careful attention to the Bridgewater case, which was not in the issue.

"Some time in June or July, 1927, I discovered among some of Mr. Moore's papers that had been brought to my office references to James Mede, and to efforts previously made by Mr. Moore to get Mede to disclose his connection with the Bridgewater crime. I had previously got in touch with Mr. Thomas Doyle, who had assisted Mr. Moore in his numerous investigations. I found that Mr. Doyle knew Mede, and had interviewed Mede in New York in an effort to get him to tell what he knew. I found that Doyle had notes of this interview.

"I MAY SAY that long before I had charge of the case, and at a time when I was giving occasional gratuitous advice to Mr. Moore about the numerous problems that confronted him, he urged me strongly one day to see Mede. This must have been shortly after Mede's release from State Prison. With some reluctance I let Moore bring Mede to the office, with two or three other Italians whose names I do not remember. In my presence Moore tried to get Mede to tell what he knew about the Bridgewater crime, and I also urged Mede to do it, basing my appeal solely on such sense of fair play as he might have, and upon the wickedness of permitting Vanzetti's serious situation to be fatally compromised by a refusal to disclose the truth about the Bridgewater case. On this occasion Mede showed some agitation and fear; but no appeal would affect him, and he left the office without disclosing anything. I did not see him again till long afterwards, under circumstances which I will mention.

"Upon discovering Moore's memorandum indicating that Doyle had had an interview with Mede in the Hotel McAlpin in New York, I urged Doyle strongly to get hold of Mede again and renew the appeal that had been made several years before, and if he thought it would do any good, to bring Mede to my office in order that I might appeal to him also. My memory is that Doyle did bring Mede to my office some time in July, 1927. My diary entries during this period are not complete because of the great number of people that I was seeing, and the great number of details in which I was engaged. The only entry I can find is one on July 12, that I had an interview on that day with both Doyle and Mede in my office. The details are not given.

"Whatever Doyle did in this matter was done gratuitously, and I wish to state emphatically that no inducements of any kind were held out to Mede except the appeal to save a man from death whom he knew to be innocent of one of the crimes of which he had been convicted.

"The explanation offered to me for Mede's reluctance to yield to this appeal—an explanation which has seemed to me both natural and true, and which was confirmed by subsequent events—was that he was trying to make a living for his wife and children by running boxing matches, which required a State license; that he was constantly under surveillance by the police; and that if he did anything to discredit the official view of the Sacco-Vanzetti case, he would incur the displeasure of the police, lose his license, and be reduced to poverty. With great difficulty Mede's fear was overcome.

"In a letter to the Governor of May 28, 1927, I urged him to see Mr. Doyle as a man who 'probably has more knowledge of the witnesses, the attitude of the underworld, the bias of the jury, and other important facts, than anybody else.' That was before I had discovered Mr. Doyle's memorandum of the Mede interview. As I could not find that the Governor had complied with this request, shortly before June 20, 1927, and perhaps on that day, by telephoning the Governor's secretary, I arranged an interview between the Governor and Mr. Doyle, which occurred on June 20. I was not present at this interview; but Mr. Doyle reported to me that he was questioned at length by the Governor about his connection with the case; the nature of his investigation, especially in the underworld; the wages he had received from Mr. Moore; the amounts that he had paid Mede for the few days that Mede was trying to get information in New York after his release from State Prison, which Doyle told the Governor was $10 a day and expenses; and a variety of circumstances connected with Mede.

"There was no opportunity at this interview for Mr. Doyle to show the Governor his notes; but Mr. Doyle urged the Governor to permit him to bring Mede to the Governor's office, to which the Governor consented, saying that he would like to see Mede at any time Doyle could bring him there. Mr. Doyle subsequently made an appointment with the Governor for July 6; but by a telegram from the Governor's secretary the interview was postponed until a later date. Under date of July 8, 1927, I wrote Governor Fuller the following letter:

Hon. Alvan T. Fuller,
Governor of Massachusetts,
State House, Boston.
YOUR EXCELLENCY:

In connection with the call which I understand Mr. Doyle is permitted to make upon you on Monday next at 11:30, I have discovered among the papers left here by Mr. Moore certain further facts which ought to be called immediately to your attention, to be used by you in connection with the interview with Mr. Doyle.

It appears that in January, February, and March, 1922, Mr. Moore, formerly counsel for Sacco, had several interviews at the State Prison with one James Mede, then confined on a sentence for engaging in the so-called Net and Twine holdup in Cambridge. Mede at that time professed to know who planned and who committed the Bridgewater crime, but declined to give up his information unless he could be assured, (1) that it would not injure an application which he intended to make for parole; (2) that it would assist that application.

On February 2, 1922, the Italian Consul, Marchese A. Ferrante, and Mr. Moore, called upon your predecessor, Hon. Channing H. Cox, and explained the situation in regard to Mede, and on the same day wrote Governor Cox a letter, which is, of course, in your files. Under date of February 6th Governor Cox replied to Mr. Moore's letter, saying among other things, about the Parole Board:

"I can give assurance that its decision would be based entirely upon its essential merits and upon no other consideration. Mede's attorney has requested a pardon. I cannot see any good reason for interfering with the sentence which the Court imposed and his request for pardon is denied. In other words, Mede is free to tell the whole truth about any matter which he

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knows and any reason for failure to do so has been removed."

We ask you to read this entire letter.

Mede, however, did not regard this as sufficient, and continued to refuse to disclose his knowledge. It seems that he had received advice to this effect. In Mr. Moore's letter to Governor Cox of February 2, 1922, occurs the following sentence:

"Second, that he has been advised from two separate sources, one of which was disclosed, as you will remember, today, by Mr. McDonald, your secretary, and the other a source which I do not feel warranted in developing at this moment, not to disclose any information in this matter."

After Mede's release, and I think in the year 1923, Mr. Doyle, who knew Mede, got an interview with him at the Hotel McAlpin in New York City, of which Mr. Doyle took notes, which he still has. At this conversation Mede disclosed to Mr. Doyle who planned the Bridgewater job and who committed it. Mede himself was one of the persons who planned the job, but did not actually participate in it. It was planned by Mede, San Marco (alias Joe Knapp), and Silva (alias Martini), but of these only San Marco and Silva were present when the crime was attempted. Mr. Doyle could not get information from Mede which he deemed reliable as to the identity of the other two men.

I need hardly point out to your Excellency the extreme importance of this information. I trust nothing will prevent you from seeing Mr. Doyle on Monday at 11:30, the time fixed by Mr. McDonald, and that your Excellency will urge Mr. Doyle to get Mr. Mede to come to your office and state fully what he knows about the Bridgewater affair.

WILLIAM G. THOMPSON.

Boston, Massachusetts,

July 8, 1927.

"On July 11, 1927, Mr. Doyle saw the Governor, showed him his Hotel McAlpin notes, and obtained an appointment for himself and Mede for the next day, July 12. This appointment was kept. Mr. Doyle and Mede called upon me together immediately after this interview and told me what had occurred. They said that Mede made a full disclosure to the Governor of his connection with the Bridgewater case; but that before he gave up his information he insisted upon obtaining from the Governor, and did obtain from him, an assurance that his confession would not be communicated to the State Police in any way that would injure him (Mede), and that his athletic license would not be revoked. They told me that at the end of the interview the Governor immediately called in Captain Blye of the State Police, told Mede to repeat his confession to him alone, and indicated hostility to Mede by words, tone and manner. Mede declined to talk with Blye alone, and became terrorized, so that it was impossible for me at that time to get him to repeat his story to the Advisory Committee, or to have anything more to do with the case. Also the Advisory Committee had definitely indicated unwillingness to consider the Bridgewater case.

"In May of this year Mede called upon me again stating that his athletic license had been revoked; that his appeals to the police for consideration had been met with hostility and abuse; that his financial resources had become entirely exhausted; and that he was at his wits' end to know not only how to support his wife and children, but even to furnish them food for the next week. After checking up this story as well as I could from Doyle, who was in touch with Mede, I felt that Mede's conduct entitled him to some consideration, and I sent him through Doyle the sum of $25 of my own money. This is the only remuneration, so far as I know, that Mede ever received for his services in this case, except what he was paid several years previously for investigation in New York.

"AFTER he left the Governor's office Mede was in great fear of prosecution, and seemed to me to be in need of the advice of independent counsel. I obtained for him the services of one of the most reputable members of our local bar. After a time he left this lawyer and sought the advice of Dr. Santosuosso, a well known Italian lawyer of this city. Dr. Santosuosso urged him to make one more attempt to save the lives of Sacco and Vanzetti, overcame his fears, and took him to Captain Blye of the State Police some time in August, where he again offered to make a full confession of what he knew. His information was refused, and Dr. Santosuosso immediately afterwards made a memorandum of what had occurred, which I understand you have.

"Mede mentioned to me the names of Silva, Oakes and San Marco. His story was substantially the same that I am told he has given to you. I suppose he has given you more details than he gave us.

"It may not be improper at this late day to add that my personal belief at the time when Mede made his disclosure was that he was telling the truth, and nothing has occurred since to shake that opinion. I think it was one of San Marco's companions who was mistaken for Vanzetti.

"From the outset of my connection with the case, and long before I knew Mede, I had suspected that a serious miscarriage of justice had occurred at the Plymouth trial; and this suspicion was afterwards confirmed in many ways, including the reading of the testimony at the Plymouth trial; the reports of the Pinkerton detectives, which were not available to us until all the court proceedings were over; my increasing knowledge of Vanzetti's personality; and the consideration of his alibi evidence. Mede's story simply confirmed my previous judgment about the Bridgewater case. Had it not been for the powerful weight of the reports of the Pinkerton detectives of their interviews shortly after the Bridgewater crime with the witnesses who later testified at the Plymouth trial, I should have felt greater regret than I did feel at the Governor's conduct in reference to Mede. As it was, Mr. Ehrmann and I marshaled in a letter of June 15, 1927, addressed to the Governor, all the evidence disclosed by the reports of the detectives, and certain affidavits obtained by Moore from Plymouth jurors, and presented a copy of the letter to the Advisory Committee; but it was of no avail before either tribunal. In our final argument to the Governor we urged also the Mede confession; but that also went for nothing.

"In the light of these facts it must be apparent that Mr. Ehrmann and I regarded the Mede confession as important, and made all the use of it that could be made under the circumstances existing in July and August, 1927.

"I THINK I may further add that I have had nothing to do with The Outlook's investigation of this case beyond helping to arrange an interview between one of The Outlook's investigators and Doyle and Mede. I have not read the article which you intend to publish. I presume it will contain some arguments, inferences or expressions of opinion which might seem to me to require qualification or restatement; but with your conclusion that Vanzetti had nothing to do with the Bridgewater crime, and that Mede's account of it is substantially correct, I am in entire agreement."

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The Catholic Conspiracy Myth

By GEORGE N. SHUSTER

Seven capital bogies, believes Mr. Shuster, associate editor of the "Commonweal," National Catholic weekly, comprise the great popery myth in America. Himself a well-known Catholic educator and author as well as editor, he searches out the springs of fear which have launched so much invective and nonsense against his church and its alleged designs

IS THE Catholic Church in politics? Hundreds of good people think it is; other hundreds are afraid it "might" be. They look at the spiritual edifice whose spire is Rome and behold strange things. It is difficult for the Catholic to imagine the kind of conspiracy he is supposed to be engaged in. But as he scrutinizes the history of his Church and the arguments of his Protestant friends, he can bring himself to understand, if he tried hard enough, the things which are causing most of the trouble. To me these look like bogies, and there are seven of them—seven capital bogies. They are all as amusing to one who gets a look at them in daylight as a stump that seemed to be a spook is to a country boy. While a man's hair is standing on end, however, an apparition is a serious matter. And the Catholic conspiracy is just that to a great many citizens.

My purpose here is to discuss this "menace" as frankly and fully as I can. Of course, it is obvious that the problem of how the church and the state shall get on with each other is as old as the human race, and that, like every other social difficulty, it does not permit of a solution that will hold good everywhere and at all times. We can merely ask ourselves what relationship exists between the United States and the Catholic Church, taking into consideration one important fact; everybody can tell at a glance how the Church and Bavaria or Lithuania deal with each other because there exists a public legal agreement (known as a concordat) between the two; but since there is no such arrangement between Rome and Washington, room for vague fancies and imaginings exists. This is why such statements as the following can be made: "The Catholic Church did something in Austria during the Sixteenth Century; therefore it seeks to do it in America during the Twentieth Century." Or this, "The Church believed in 'theocratic government' during the Middle Ages; therefore it still believes in 'theocratic government'." Persons can make these remarks even though they are not stupid enough to believe that England is seeking to restore the relationships which existed between it and Boston in 1770, or that France is planning another ninth crusade. They are simply misled by a totally erroneous conception of the Catholic Church.

Let us take the first scare. Does the Church admit the legitimacy of separation between church and state in the traditional American sense? The answer is an unqualified "Yes," regardless of a few ecclesiastical texts which seem to indicate the opposite. This can easily be proved by the simple fact that Rome would undoubtedly be willing to sign an agreement tomorrow with the United States, accepting the traditional custom of this country for as long a term of years as we desired. Here is an easy recipe for those who fear for the safety of the country against Catholicism. Work to secure such an agreement, and every Catholic from the Pope down will assist. Let those who doubt this, try it! What, then, are we to make of Papal pronouncements, notably the Syllabus of Pius IX and certain declarations by Leo XIII, which seem to denounce separation of civil from church authority?

The answer is that no such separation has ever existed in this country. From the time of its foundation, our Government has been ruled by a maxim which Donoso Cortes defined as follows: Where religious authority is strong, the pressure of the state can be weak. Religion is the first great antidote against crime, and the first incentive to integrity. It fosters charity in the strong, and checks vindictive cunning in the powerless. Where the church relaxes its grip, Taine said years ago, the executioner tightens his. Therefore the United States publicly professes to be a Christian nation. The President issues a proclamation for Thanksgiving day and takes office with a promise of loyalty to God; all official meetings are opened with prayer; the right of priest or minister to perform a marriage ceremony is respected; parents are entitled under the Constitution to instruct their children in religious living; ecclesiastical property is protected and exempted from taxation; no religious society or order can be refused the privilege of acquiring a corporation status. This conduct is regarded as praiseworthy by the whole Catholic Church. There is never any other attitude toward it. But there is another kind of "separation" which the Freethinkers' Society has recently been urging against Dr. John Roach Straton himself. This insists that the state is to recognize no church wedding; that such religious societies or orders as the state happens, for some reason, to dislike may be ordered out of the country; that no act of worship is to accompany any act of governing; that all children must be educated by the state only, and in a non-religious manner; that ecclesiastical property can be confiscated, and that a clergyman has no legal status. To this "separation" the Catholic Church is opposed, and against it the efforts of several modern Popes have been directed. I am inclined to think that if diverse illiberal efforts to becloud this Catholic view continue, we may very well get in this country "separation" number two, with results more disastrous to various contemporary noisemakers than to anybody else.

IN ONE respect only have Catholic churchmen regarded the American situation as not ideal. They reckon with the rather obvious fact that religious authority can never be perfectly effective unless church unity exists. If all Christians in this country were Catholics, the influence for good at their command through this unity of religious thought would not be weakened or disrupted by doctrinal enmities. No sane mind will question the rightness of this fact. It is simple and incontrovertible; and Protestants themselves seized upon it as a reason for calling the Stockholm and Lausanne conferences. To long for church unity is, one need scarcely say, not the same thing as to promote a state church. Under modern conditions this second certainly does not look anything like an ideal. If Catholics dreamed of such a thing here, they would be avalanched to sober reality by the simple circumstance that after centuries of the Established Church in England, or of the

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Lutheran Church in Norway, about the only people who remain faithful are the incumbents!

Regardless of certain historical moments, the Catholic authority has held firm to two great principles which, from the beginning, have expressed its attitude toward civil affairs. The first of these is the idea of "indirect power"—which means that the Church is not to use its strength to govern through or with a civil sovereign, but only in the same way as public opinion now influences the conduct of statesmen independently of the ballot-box. From the beginning until now, the authoritative saints and doctors—Paul, Augustine, Bernard, Aquinas, Bellarmine, Francis de Sales, Vincent de Paul—have taught that to the Church there has been given the spiritual power of Christ Himself, who said that His kingdom is not of this world and who taught Peter that Calvary is a greater weapon than the sword. His truth can be realized in this world only as the truth regarding the composition of the triangle is recognized—through education and discipline. When the lesson has been learned, engineers can utilize the triangle and society can employ the virtue of religious living. The second great principle is this: Catholicism is indifferent to forms and methods of government, excepting insofar as these render moral conduct impossible. The Church, therefore, can justifiably enter into civil activity only because given circumstances are breeders of sin (*ratione peccati,* in the theological phrase). By what other rule is any public or group opinion guided, when it protests against the dishonesty, unfairness or lawlessness of the ruling authorities?

I hasten on to the second scare. Does the Church deny the jurisdiction of the state over education, marriage and other functions of civil society? It does so only insofar as Rome agrees with the United States in saying that the second possesses no religious authority. Catholic doctrine attributes to a state a "personal" existence—that is, an entity over and above, separate from, the beings of the citizens who comprise the state. This civil state "person" is, like any other person, limited only by its powers and capacity. If it can move mountains, well and good. But it is utterly impossible that it should ever be empowered to act as the custodian of Christian truth, for the simple reason that the Saviour entrusted this to some one else. Creeds do not agree as to who this "some one else" is, but Catholics believe it to be the Catholic Church. Accordingly they hold that the work of teaching and living that truth belongs to the Church. One may dissent to this and say that Christian Science or Methodism has a better claim; but it is absolutely impossible to make out a case for the United States Government, and no statesman has ever been foolish enough to try.

Now education is nothing more than the best way of teaching. To take it all out of the hands of the Church in order to give the state a monopoly would simply mean (and in practice does mean) ending religious instruction. To such a procedure both the Papacy

Underwood

POPE PIUS XI

He Has No Designs Upon the White House

and American Constitutional law are opposed. This does not imply that the parochial school as it exists in the United States is necessarily the best possible solution. The contemporary American Catholic system is only the most satisfactory method yet agreed upon and could be altered if something better were available. Other countries have different systems; and it is an open question as to which is most advantageous. Many American Catholics think, with good reason I believe, that Canada has most nearly approached the ideal. On the other hand, thousands of reflective Protestants are not at all pleased with their educational situation. What is the meaning of attempts to introduce part-time religious instruction into the public schools? Of Lutheran educational activities? Of the work of the Religious Education Association? Of the Dayton trial? Of a dozen other similar things? Thoughtful Protestants realize, as well as any Catholic ever has, that state educational monopoly must spell the end of religious training. If prejudice is ever silenced, we Americans will settle down to devise a solution of the educational problem that really conforms with our national tradition.

Marriage, for its part, is only one act of religious living. The mating of two people is, insofar as both the Gospel and the Catholic Church are concerned, a sacrament—that is, a spiritual act to be performed only by a spiritual "person." This the state, being a civil "person," manifestly is not. Therefore the *sacrament* of matrimony will exist in this world only as long as the Church administers it. Of this fact United States law is fully cognizant. It recognizes the legitimacy of Christian marriage; and the circumstance that it demands a "license to wed" has nothing to do with the question. Countries in which complete "separation" of church and state exists foster the grotesque practice of dual weddings. Even to this Rome accedes in practice, although justly considering it ridiculous. Nor do the annulment proceedings carried out by an ecclesiastic court (*vide* the famous Marlborough case) interfere in any degree with the civil status of a marriage. The decree of annulment signifies only that, in the opinion of the court, no sacrament was received by the two parties. No ecclesiastic in his right mind would contend that such an opinion changes the civil status of the married people.

The third source of fear lies in the feeling that the organization of the Church is opposite in character to the organization of the United States polity, the first being hieratic, even autocratic, the second recognizing the equality of all men and sovereignty of the common people. It is therefore felt that only the Protestant churches which recognize no established central authority "harmonize" with our civic rule. This statement is superficially true but fundamentally mistaken. In the first place there is only one real difference between Catholic priests and

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Protestant ministers: both are supposedly men who base their life-work on a divine "calling," but the priest claims to receive a sacrament of ordination, the efficacy of which has been conserved in unbroken succession from the Apostles. This sacrament is not received in all its fulness until the priest has been elevated to that entirety of Apostolic succession which is the bishopric. Members of the Catholic hierarchy are, therefore, obeyed and respected not because they are great men or chosen representatives, but because they have received the fulness of a sacrament. In being obedient to them, the Catholic simply feels that he is being humble in the presence of Christ's grace, and not that he is being subservient to a religious equivalent of a civil ruler.

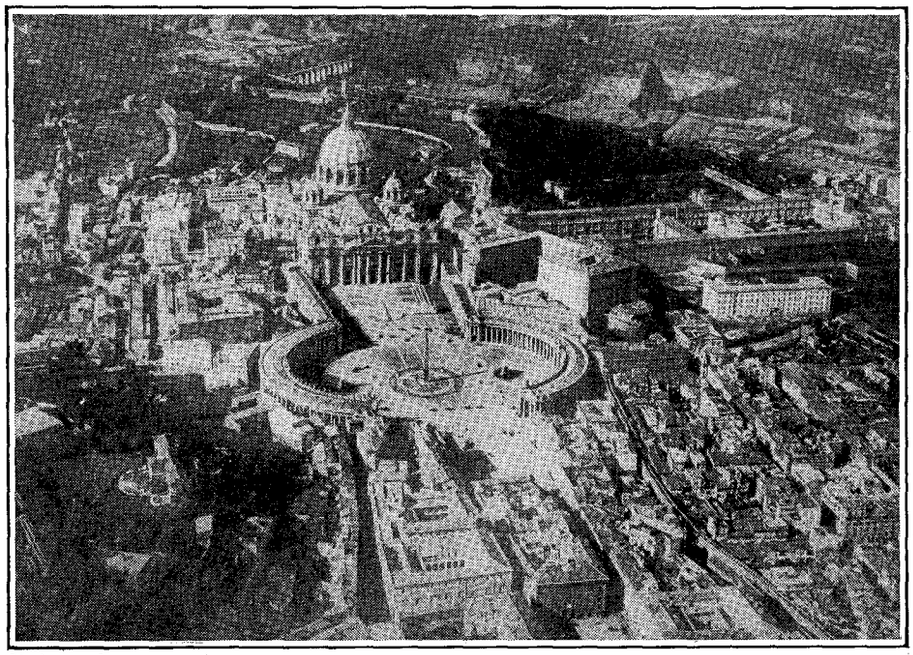
Secondly, the source of Catholic teaching authority resides in a written (and to some extent an unwritten) constitution, precisely as does the sovereignty of the United States. No ruler of the Church is empowered to contravene the Catholic code; every President of the United States must be loyal to the national covenant. Many Protestants believe that the weakness of their churches resides in the absence of an authoritative interpretation of their constitution, which is the Bible. At all events, Protestantism does differ entirely in this respect from the United States, the Supreme Court of which exists to supply in the civil sphere the exact counterpart of what councils and popes do in the Catholic world. Furthermore, both Catholics and Americans must heed a definite number of statutes, which can be changed but which must be respected while they are in force if one wishes to remain in good standing. Of course it is true that while the American Constitution can be altered, the deposit of Catholic faith remains the same. This difference is manifestly due to the simple circumstance that the Church wishes never to be anything else than Christ, who lived and taught only once.

The teaching authority of the Church brings us directly to the fourth, and possibly the most significant, point of dispute. Since a Catholic must obey the Pope and the President, he may find himself the victim of divided allegiance. Rome may decree one thing, Washington another. Whom will the Catholic obey? If the Pope, the event may become dangerous since the Roman Pontiff is a "foreign" ruler. What will happen, Mr. Charles C. Marshall wonders, when the Church declares something *de fide* (of the deposit of the faith) which runs counter to the American custom and law? His argument, buttressed by a studious though arbitrary study of the texts which reflect Rome's hostility to liberalism during the Nineteenth Century, is really directed against Papal infallibility.

We shall concern ourselves only with its implications regarding the citizenship of American Catholics and begin with one basic question. Is it impossible that Protestant or agnostic citizens should face a divided allegiance—a choice between obeying the Government and following their consciences? If so, we have entered upon a new era in our history. The Abolition movement; the Civil War; the opposition to imperialistic tendencies; criticism of the protection accorded wealthy individuals, or private property as such—all these have grown out of differences between conscience and civil authority. It is quite possible that the Catholic should find himself in similar opposition to the Government, but that he should suddenly turn rebel or traitor because of some arbitrary pronouncement by a Pope is a most ridiculous assumption.

The Holy Father, Catholics believe, is invested with the power to state Christian doctrine infallibly. What this means has been carefully defined by the Vatican Council of 1870; and though individuals have tried to expand this definition in various ways, it must be taken to mean only what it means. The Pope is infallible when he teaches what has always been taught, at least implicitly by the Church from the beginning. He cannot, therefore, create a new doctrine of his own invention, change any fundamental belief or practice, destroy a fact of science or history, or solve a problem in calculus in some outlandish way. His is really a power of definition, and in practice amounts to about the same as the authority of the Supreme Court; with these differences: first, he is held incapable of error in interpreting the Catholic constitution; secondly, that constitution never changes.

Now we happen to possess a fairly clear knowledge of what this constitution has actually decreed regarding the relations which ought to prevail between a Catholic and civil society. The most important proviso has been stated as follows by a distinguished modern theologian, Dr. Eugen Kogon: "The teaching and pastoral authority of the Church has both a direct and indirect power. The first applies to spiritual matters—doctrine regarding faith and morals, administration of the sacraments, etc. The second is rightfully exercised in purely temporal, worldly affairs when there exists a threat to the salvation of souls or to the well-being of the Church. Only in these cases! For the Church has neither the right nor by any means the duty of regulating positive social circumstances in so far as these do not render right living impos-



Underwood

ST PETER'S AND THE VATICAN

Nerve Center of the Vast Catholic Organization

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sible." This doctrine has always and everywhere been taught by the Church, and so cannot be altered by any new decree. Therefore it follows as an inescapable conclusion that so long as American government remains what it is—so long as it does not actually impose immoral conditions upon its citizens—it can never be subtly undermined by a Papal decree.

The extant fear of such a decree is grotesque. During one hundred and fifty years, the Catholic Church in America has taught the finest and sturdiest moral doctrine. It has encouraged patriotic loyalty in times of peace and war; has established charitable institutions open to suffering atheists and holy rollers; has advocated the precepts of the Decalogue and of classic Greek morality to millions of people; and has uttered not one word of sedition and disloyalty since Bishop Carroll, first member of its hierarchy, composed his great prayer for the nation's welfare. When it becomes impossible to teach and do these things in America, Catholics will protest, knowing full well that whatever righteous Protestants or agnostics still remain will stand shoulder to shoulder beside them. And if they were to rebel for any other reason, the immemorial teaching of their Church would brand their act a crime and pin the badge of guilt upon their souls.

Yes, it is conceivable that some misguided Pope—there have been two or three such in 2,000 years—might demand of American Catholics a treasonable and disreputable service. This possibility has been weighed by the Church itself long before any contemporary fanatics thought of it. There is an old and indefectible teaching that obedience to such a man would be disloyalty to the Church. Other matters have been more specifically regulated because they have actually come up in practice. For instance, it is fixed doctrine that the Pope as a temporal sovereign (as ruler of the Papal states) can demand no allegiance from a subject of another state. Nor can he expect to get more than a friendly hearing for his views as an historian or a political economist. Should the faithful attribute infallibility to these, they would merely display a woeful ignorance of their faith.

But—and here we come to the fifth difficulty—does not the Church seek to use civil authority in order to enforce its spiritual rule upon the consciences of others? This query has an historical aspect, to which I shall return. There is also a theological aspect, which derives from the medieval opinion, shared until recently by all Protestants, that if a man can be pummelled into saving his soul, the pummelling is good and ought to be administered. One says regarding this that it seems as stupid to the modern mind as it did to the minds of Paul, Augustine and Bernard. In other words, it is anything but a view universally held by the Church. Indeed, this Church saved for the world the concept of free will, which means that men are responsible to God alone for their beliefs and actions. It saved also the ideal of charity, by which the thief was elected to be with Christ. Mindful of these heritages, the modern Church has everywhere repudiated the bastinado. Imagine the Cardinal of New York out flogging Bishop Manning!

Of course it is difficult for those who differ in religion to live side by side in peace and co-operative understanding. But the time has gone by when American Catholics and non-Catholics can dream of annihilating one another, and so the difficulty must simply be overcome. There are just four ways in which this can be accomplished: obedience to the command to love one's neighbor, regardless of his religious convictions; fidelity to the honored maxim of St. Augustine—stamp out error but love men; recognition of the fact that natural rights are the fundament of all society, and that every human being is entitled to them; and rememberance that a policy of retributive vengeance, of repaying evil for evil, is utterly out of place in the sphere of religion. These four are cardinal tenets of Catholic doctrine; and though not all children of the Church consistently bear them in mind, that Church itself cannot teach anything else while time lasts.

We arrive now at the sixth scare. Does the American Catholic vote only for members of his own Church? Here the facts must decide. The Catholic entered our history with a proclamation of religious tolerance in Maryland, for which there was no precedent in the land. This was not, as is so frequently remarked, a counsel of necessity. There is evidence to show that the Calverts and the clergy associated with them had been stirred by the ideal of religious liberty which Sir Thomas More, Catholic chancellor of Henry VIII, had championed. At any rate this ideal was upheld during all subsequent decades by the Catholic clergy and laity, and is clearly reflected in the electoral record. There has been no Catholic President; and the number of Catholic Senators and Representatives is so small as to be altogether out of proportion to the numerical strength of the Church. On the other hand, two Catholics have been Chief Justices, and several have held high rank in the Army and Navy. The alleged political strength of Catholics in certain large cities is based entirely upon racial amalgamation, not upon religious solidarity. Tammany has gathered in the Irish and the Jews, but the German Catholics of New York City have uniformly kept apart from it.

The only real instance of Catholic interference in politics is identified with defense against attacks upon the parochial school system. The Bennett law agitation of 1889 is the classic example. The Wisconsin State Legislature having passed a law calculated to close private educational institutions, Catholics and Lutherans joined hands to defeat the party in power and to repeal the law. But this political advantage was surrendered immediately. There have been surprisingly few Catholics in Wisconsin politics, although the services rendered by Catholic educators and advisers were of the greatest value to the Progressive movement.

More recently three Catholic associations have been held to menace the peace of the land. Today no honest person credits the "fake oath" once circulated to injure the Knights of Columbus, or believes that this fraternal organization has any political purpose. The Holy Name Society, for its part, has kept so steadily aloof from electioneering that nobody even accuses it of "politics." More excitement has been caused by the National Catholic Welfare Conference, which is presided over by members of the hierarchy and keeps up a central establishment in Washington. This grew out of a "Catholic War Council," organized in answer to an appeal from the Government. Later on it more or less directly followed the lead of the Federal Council of the Churches of Christ, and advocated measures of social reform and community prophylaxis. Perhaps its most notable achievement has been the promulgation of a "pastoral letter" setting forth the views of Father John A. Ryan on labor and social conditions. It has also organized resistance to

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Reform and Law

By HON. NORMAN H. DAVIS

Since Governor Smith flushed prohibition from its political cover and made it a National issue the subject has again offered a basis for deliberative comment. Mr. Davis, who goes to the root of the matter here, has occupied so many distinguished positions that it is difficult to single out any for special mention. Under President Wilson he was variously Assistant Secretary of the Treasury, acting Secretary of State, chairman of the Finance Section of the Supreme Economic Council and financial adviser to the American Commission to Negotiate Peace. More recently he has been a member of the American Delegation to the International Economic Conference at Geneva in 1927 and president of the Woodrow Wilson Foundation

WITH the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment to the Constitution and the passage of the Volstead Act, it was generally believed an effective way had been found to enforce temperance throughout the country and that prohibition was at last a settled question. And now, after eight years of so-called National prohibition, so little, if any, headway has been made in abolishing or even reducing intemperance and so many evils have resulted from the attempt and failure to do so that prohibition is forcing itself to the front as a vital issue.

The vast majority of our people are in favor of temperance, and opposed to the return of the saloon. The majority of so-called wets and drys are in agreement in favoring temperance, but divided in opinion as to the way to get it. To restore the majesty of the law, and to get rid of the bootlegger and increase temperance are the difficult and serious problems that confront us, and the solution depends upon the ability of reasonable drys and wets to find a basis upon which they can work together to the same end.

The entire country would, no doubt, be better off without liquor than with it, but we should not try to get rid of it by wrong methods which conflict with the principle and the spirit of Anglo-Saxon laws and institutions—which have done so much for human freedom. The real issue, therefore, is not whether this nation should be temperate or intemperate, wet or dry, but whether we are on the right road to make it temperate and at the same time preserve the principles and ideals which are essential to the life of a free people.

Prior to the enactment of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act, prohibition was gaining ground gradually and firmly through education on the evils of drink. In one State after another, adherents were won to the cause of temperance, and prohibition laws were being enacted and enforced with increasing success, because they represented the sentiment of the respective communities that enacted them. Marked benefits followed the reforms thus attained, but the militant leaders of prohibition then conceived the idea and saw the possibility of amending the Constitution (while the country was engaged in war) so as to force prohibition upon States which were still wet in sentiment and practice. They accordingly changed their tactics and sought to accelerate by force a reform toward which much progress was being made by education and started a crusade to persuade the people in the dry States it was their duty to impose prohibition upon the so-called backward States. So successful was their campaign that they succeeded in uprooting the long-established principle of local self-government and giving to the Federal Government, for the first time in our history, police power within all the States in order to control the appetites and habits of their citizens. In commenting at that time upon the agitation which later led to this action, Mr. Taft, now Chief Justice of the Supreme Court, said: "I profoundly deprecate having our constitutional structure amended by a feverish enthusiasm . . . They would recklessly and selfishly hurry us into an irretrievable national blunder." There is a prophetic note to this early opinion.

And Woodrow Wilson, a profound believer in temperance, vetoed the Volstead Act—which was re-passed over his veto—because he believed it was wrong in principle and would result in greater evils than those it was expected to eradicate.

A PEOPLE who believe in and would preserve liberty cannot be too careful in the enactment of laws which invade the conscience and attempt to regulate the habits of individuals; and in a nation composed of many Federal States, in which conditions and habits vary considerably, it is unwise for a group of States—even though constituting a large majority—to attempt unduly to impose their ideas upon other States.

Those earnest and able men who formulated our great Constitution—which has served us so well—were more concerned about protecting a minority from abuse by a majority than in providing means for the immediate execution of the will of the majority. They recognized that an organized majority, even in a Constitutional democracy, might, if not curbed, be as despotic as a monarch or a dictator, and likewise as destructive of the rights and liberties of individuals. They therefore defined certain personal rights which they deemed to be sacred and also essential to the maintenance of human freedom and which should not be violated even at the will of a majority.

Our forefathers, who contended that Great Britain should not impose upon her colonies certain laws and regulations without their consent, fought the Revolution in defense of the principle of self-determination. So firmly did they believe in this principle they made local self-government an essential part of the foundation of our Government. Had the Constitution been based on a different principle, the original thirteen colonies would never have adopted it.

Although the Eighteenth Amendment was duly adopted by three fourths of the States, it was not only a radical departure in principle to confer upon the Federal Government such extensive jurisdiction within the States, but it has proven itself unworkable in practice. Force may be employed in curbing crime and regulating human relationships. It is worthless for effecting reforms and should not be so employed No lasting reform has ever been brought about except by education Taking a drink is not inherently a crime; but the enactment of a law making it, in effect, a crime has been so deeply resented—particularly in certain communities—as to make many people feel free to break such a law.

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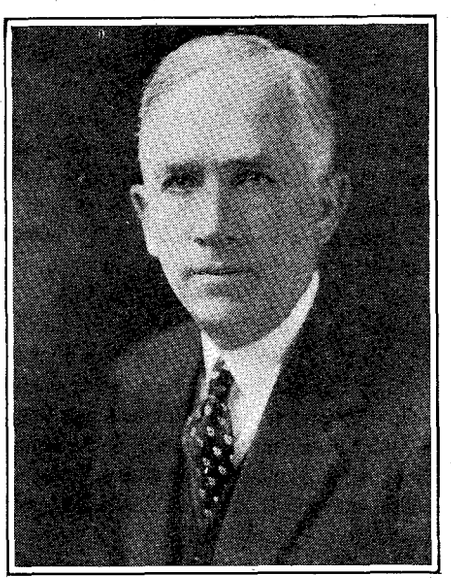
We have paid a lot for National prohibition, both in the surrender of principle and the expenditure of money, and after eight years of it, we have no more temperance, if as much as when we abandoned the well-established principle of local self-government and embraced the novel experiment of empowering the Federal Government at Washington to invade every State in order to control the personal habits of its citizens. The $30,000,000 which the Government is spending yearly, chiefly in salaries of political appointees known as "enforcement officers," is a small part of the cost. When we add to this the revenue the Government now fails to collect on the alcohol consumed, to say nothing of other costs, it is evident we are paying every year much more for prohibition than it would cost to control the floods on the Mississippi River, and yet with all that, we have not succeeded in controlling the flood of alcohol. If the enforcement of any law costs so much, it is evident the law is either bad, or the country is not ready for it.

There are, no doubt, sections of the country—especially in rural communities—that are comparatively dry, but which were just as dry under State prohibition before the attempt at National prohibition. Other sections, especially the thickly populated ones which were legally wet before, are without doubt just as wet illegally today. National prohibition has, therefore, not only failed in its purpose but it has brought worse evils than those it sought to abolish. It did succeed in closing the saloon, which is all to the good. But, on the other hand, it has brought forth a crop of bootleggers, "speakeasies" and illicit distillers that are a disgrace to the Nation, and there has been such an increase in corruption, crime, hypocrisy and disrespect for law as to undermine the morals of the Nation. Eight years ago there were few hip flasks in the country. Today the manufacture and sale of flasks is a most thriving business, and our young boys and girls are the chief customers and users.

Apparently the citizens of the States that favor prohibition do not understand why all States should not want it, or why it is not proper and possible to force it upon them against their will. On the other hand, those in sections where sentiment is so opposed to the law as to make enforcement a farce, resent the attempt of other sections to impose their views upon them, and many are deeply concerned over the intolerable conditions that have resulted from what they deem outside interference through unwise and unjust legislation.

Some loose-talking persons outside of New York are claiming that enforcement would have been a success in this State had Governor Smith been a dry. They overlook the fact that under Governor Miller (a Republican) enforcement was not any more, if as successful as under Governor Smith; and that in Pennsylvania, under the governorship of Mr. Pinchot (a militant dry) disclosures of graft, corruption and violation of law are more appalling than in any other State. They also fail to observe that in Washington, the capital city, which is governed by Congress, enforcement is still a shameful farce.

This country is so large and conditions and customs vary so greatly in different sections, that it is becoming increasingly unwise and impossible for Washington to perform functions which



HON. NORMAN H. DAVIS
"We Have Paid a Lot For Prohibition"

the makers of our Constitution wisely delegated to the States. Prohibition is merely one instance of that. It was never intended that the Federal Government should enter the States to regulate the habits of their citizens and make them all conform to the same model, and events have proven that it won't work.

The prohibition problem is not confined to this country. Most countries are endeavoring to deal in some way with intemperance. Some of them, such as Norway, Sweden and Canada, attempted as we did to abolish it completely by total prohibition, but the results were so disastrous that they have all had to repeal their rigid prohibitory laws and adopt other methods for reducing intemperance. Some countries which attempted less have accomplished more. England, for instance, has succeeded by education and reasonable regulatory measures in reducing by fifty per cent the prewar arrests for drunkenness, and likewise the consumption of alcohol. At the same time, arrests for drunkenness in the cities of this country—where statistics are available—have now gone back approximately to what they were before the war.

Believing as I do that the ground gained in the cause of temperance previous to the adoption of the Eighteenth Amendment and the Volstead Act will be lost unless we reform our methods, I feel that the American people are faced with a great moral issue involving not only temperance, but the most fundamental principles of free government and human liberty. This is not the time to determine the exact ways and means to accomplish this. Argument over details would merely becloud the issue that now confronts us. We must first decide whether we have chosen the right way to accomplish the ends desired and act accordingly.

Irrespective of a difference in view as to the principles involved in National prohibition, all serious citizens must agree that the law must either be enforced or modified. We cannot afford nullification. Since the Government admittedly has not succeeded in enforcing the law, we must conclude that those charged with this duty were either unable or unwilling to enforce it. If the party in power has not made a genuine effort to enforce the law, it should not be entrusted any longer with such a task; and if it is impossible to enforce the law after eight years of genuine effort, then it is time to make such modifications as will give us laws that can be enforced.

Governor Smith, as I understand him, is not only unalterably opposed to a return of saloons, but he believes that every State that wants prohibition should have it and be assisted and protected by the Federal Government, but that such States should be satisfied to regulate the conduct of their own citizens and not insist upon trying to control those of other States and sections which hold different views. While he thinks the present prohibition law is unwise and should be modified, he recognizes the great harm that comes

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From the Life

The Prince

By IBBY HALL

AT ONE of the popular seashore resorts along the Eastern coast, an elderly man learned the length of the boardwalk one night this summer. It was midnight and there were not many to observe him, even if he had been a noticeable figure.

The man was anything but noticeable. His hair was turning gray; his face was sunken. He walked with the shambling effort of great weariness and even the clothes upon his body seemed exhausted and far from home. He was one of those people that nobody sees because there are so many of them. They are like books in a lending library, so worn and used on the outside that the reading public has lost its curiosity for the hidden story.

It became borne in upon this man toward the small hours of the morning that he could walk no more. His mind was filled only with two great necessities. He must eat and he must sleep. He was without money; he was without a lodging and, finally, he was without further energy.

This was the pass that he had been afraid of long ago when he had decided to give it all up. Romance—adventure—the big chance and jail. Easy money. A breath-taking life. But the game had not been worth the candle. This freedom, this that he was enjoying at the present moment, able to look at the ocean, at the stars, to go in and among people like anybody else, to turn his feet in any direction he liked . . . it was worth more to him in the long run.

He remembered the narrow space of a cell, the measured walk of the chain gang, the moveless and impenetrable walls of stone. It was the idea of youth perhaps that freedom meant freedom from law. But he had learned better. Freedom was in being let alone and having nobody notice you, nobody to tell you anything or hinder you from being yourself. He could get along now without new clothes, without much money, without friends or family. But how was he to get along without food and a place to sleep?

He remembered himself as he had been in his prime. That youth, that prince of safe crackers, would have pointed a finger of derision at this shabby, gray-haired man. What! with his brains, with his marvelous fingers, with a dexterity that no other safe cracker had ever equaled—to let life beat him like that?

Well, life hadn't beaten him like that. He began to argue with the young and jaunty figure. In his hunger and need for sleep he had even grown a little light-headed. It seemed to him in that early hour beside the ocean that the young prince of safe crackers walked beside him, careless and dapper, well-fed and well-dressed; as his own son might walk, putting up an argument for the rights of youth.

"What's the use?" the young man seemed to be saying. "What do you get out of this going straight business? Take me, for instance, right here in this burg full of money, full of jewels, full of valuables all locked up, and nobody knowing how to get at 'em, nobody knowing how in all these crowds but me. Wouldn't I be a fool if I didn't use the talent God gave me?"

"Answer me something," the older man said gently to his shadowy companion; "dast ye go near the jail? I thought as much. It don't bear thinking about. Even up here on the boardwalk you got to be quick on the trigger, looking over your shoulder to make sure that last man wasn't a plain clothes one. Now me, I don't have to notice 'em. I could walk up to the jail itself and ask for food and lodging."

"Lord!" he exclaimed under his breath, "what's the matter with that notion? It's a swell idea."

THEY were busy at the station when he arrived. It was early dawn, and at eight o'clock precisely the Recorder's court would open. For that opening certain records were needed, valuable evidence was needed; and considerable bail money. All three were at present securely locked inside the great steel safe. But, to the consternation of the police court, it had just been discovered that the combination was also locked up inside the great steel safe. There was no way to open it.

The police court received their shabby visitor, absent-mindedly. They had no time to waste on jobless men looking for food and lodging.

"Park yourself over there," the reformed burglar was told curtly. "We'll do what we can for you when we get this thing settled."

But for once in his reformed career the ex-convict disregarded the law. He edged a little nearer to the puzzled group about the safe. He ventured to ask an odd question. "Any of you fellows got a bit of sandpaper?"

The police in concert gave him an annoyed look for answer. "Because," went on their visitor modestly, "if I had a little piece of sandpaper I could open that safe for you boys. I used to—" he coughed deprecatingly. "I used to be quite a hand at that kind of thing. In fact, in my youth"—the midnight visitor drew himself to his full height; he seemed suddenly to have become that dapper companion of his midnight stroll—"in my youth," he asserted proudly, "I was known as the Prince of Safe Crackers."

THE visitor had the complete attention of the room. In the silence that followed his statement, one of the boys respectfully stepped forward and offered a small piece of sandpaper.

The expert approached the safe. Gently, he scratched the sandpaper over the tips of his fingers until his nerves were sensitive with the old cunning. Dropping the sandpaper, he passed his fingertips over the solid lock with all the delicacy and precision of a surgeon cutting close to the thread of life. So miraculous was the lightness and perception of those hands, that the gaping policemen were stricken with an uneasiness as their visitor stepped back from the great safe.

"It will open, now," he reminded them. "Just turn the handle."

One of the police huskies stepped forward fearfully. He turned the handle of the safe. Quietly, and with no resistance, the door swung open.

"Say," one of the police burst out excitedly, "if you can turn a trick like that, how'd you ever—how'd you happen to—I mean, that is—"

But the hungry man shook his head. "Ten years," he explained wearily; "and I never want to go to jail again." He looked around at the admiring faces and tried again. "I like my freedom," he began earnestly.

But the police force was no longer listening. They were already preparing to show that they knew how to treat a man—upon occasion—like a prince.

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Foreign Opinion

By MALCOLM W. DAVIS

FRANCE is as critical of certain aspects of American foreign policy as is the United States of French military policy on the continent of Europe. And the semi-official press of Paris has taken American objection to the Anglo-French naval accord, which carried with it English assent to the French program of maintaining a large standing army with millions of reserves through conscription, as an occasion for pointed comment on our diplomacy.

The Monroe Doctrine and its relation to the Briand-Kellogg pledge against war, recently signed in Paris and made open to the adherence of all nations, is the French point of attack. The disinclination of the United States to accept the principle of obligatory arbitration, the French observers think, is causing hesitancy on the part of some Latin American republics to add their signatures to the treaty. Thus an American policy may defeat the hope of the Secretary of State to make the declaration outlawing war a universal one.

"Beyond the Atlantic," writes "Pertinax," the well-informed foreign editor of the "Echo de Paris," with obvious common sense, "men are not any worse than we are. But it is certain that they are not any better."

"For the moment," remarks the liberal "Œuvre," "Argentina has refused to kiss the big stick of Uncle Sam, who, after all, is not her uncle at all."

No disarmament drive, concludes the influential "Temps," with relief, is likely to result from the adoption of the treaty. As evidence it cites the declaration of Secretary Davis of the War Department to the American Legion. It also notes that the Monroe Doctrine is causing difficulties in South America: "Evidently it is all very embarrassing, for the pact will lose much of its value in American eyes if the states of South America do not adhere to it. But it is evident that Washington can with difficulty agree that its conception of the Monroe Doctrine, which is the basis of its policy, should be ruined or weakened by the pact, which in that case risks non-ratification by the Senate."

Anyway, asserts the "Gaulois," returning to the real issue in French minds, if England and France did make a naval accord which the United States dislikes, it was because the American Minister Gibson advised them last year at the Geneva conference to do so.

PEACE plans for the Balkans are being promoted again in consequence of the return of Venizelos to power in Greece, and not a few of the students of international relations in that troubled area of Europe are hopeful of solid accomplishments. The victory of Venizelos in the Greek election was greeted with much enthusiasm and relief in Jugoslavia, where there has prevailed a fear of an Italian attempt to dominate Balkan affairs. His success is taken to mean a revival of British and French influence and a decline of Italian aspirations. While his predecessor was regarded as inclined to court Mussolini's favor, both the "Navosti" and "Pravda" characterize Venizelos as a friend of Jugoslavia and an exponent of the principle "The Balkans for the Balkan peoples"—which accords with the policies of Great Britain and France.

Following his new accession to the premiership in Greece, M. Venizelos has visited Belgrade and taken the first steps for a treaty of peace and arbitration between his country and Jugoslavia. He has also been visiting the capitals of the Great Powers for a series of important official conversations. One main purpose was to attempt, as a mediator, to create better relations between Italy and Jugoslavia, as well as to conclude the treaty of amity between Greece and Italy which was signed at Rome.

Bulgaria, meanwhile, is proposing a new treaty of friendship and arbitration to nationalist Turkey. Regarding the prospect in the Balkans, the semi-official "Bulgarie" of Sofia writes: "What are the principles underlying the policy of M. Venizelos? . . . Without a peaceful policy, Greece cannot restore her national life. M. Venizelos will simply pursue the foreign policy of the coalition Cabinet for the conclusion of treaties corresponding to Greek interests. On March 21, the treaty of non-aggression and arbitration was signed at Geneva between Greece and Rumania . . . The adjustment of the differences between Greece and Jugoslavia appears to be the most delicate task of Greek diplomacy." These differences concern chiefly the Ægean port of Salonika, which the treaties ending the World War assigned to Greece and to which Jugoslavia needs free access.

The evolution of Greek policy since the victory of the Liberal party categorically refutes the pessimistic predictions of the international press. Far from revolting against the program of understanding with Italy, M. Venizelos has adhered to it . . . He aims to use his influence and personal associations to secure the advantages of an alliance with Rome, without permitting any loss of the results earlier gained by his close collaboration with the Western Powers. That, undoubtedly, is the meaning of his visit to Paris . . .

"At the same time, Greek diplomacy is clearing the ground for an accord with Turkey . . .For all these reasons, it might be possible to look for a real clearing of the Balkan horizon, if our neighbors to the south and west did not cast certain shadows . . . The newspapers of Athens and Salonika are making a campaign against Bulgaria, accusing her of conspiring against the security of her neighbors. Similar voices are to be heard in Belgrade . . . We refuse to comment on this manner of serving the cause of pacification . . . Nevertheless, we affirm that it cannot contribute to that development of normal relations in the Balkans which is indispensable to the common endeavor of our peoples."

OBVIOUSLY, no scheme for the Balkans which neglects the interests of any Balkan nation can be securely based or can bring about an enduring peace. The problem of the Balkans is only the problem of Europe in miniature; and eventually it will have to be solved by the same method of joint conference and agreement between equals which has gradually brought the hope of continued order to the western part of the continent. But conference and compromise are not so easily achieved in the Balkans as elsewhere on the continent. Nationalism has always flamed high in the "cock-pit of Europe," and some of the nations ready made by the Versailles Conference are even more self-conscious in their newly found political liberty than their older neighbors. Eventually, no doubt, the novelty of liberation will be succeeded by more sober considerations. Statesmen will think less of insults and more of achievements. Until that time, there still remains the menace of teetering chips on nervous shoulders.

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The World This Week

Hoover Attacks

For New York City Herbert Hoover reserved his first emphatic attack upon his political opponents. Without mentioning either the Democratic Party or Governor Smith by name, he arraigned the policies proposed by Governor Smith and supported by his party as "a huge program of government in business," as false liberalism, as the introduction into America of European philosophy of "Paternalism and State Socialism," and as "a long step toward the abandonment of our American system."

In contrast with this program which he thus described, he set forth more comprehensively than he had yet done his own philosophy of Government as one emphasizing the "rights and responsibilities of the individual."

Delivered before the huge audience in Madison Square Garden, this speech had more of the fighting qualities customary in political campaigns than any previous speech.

In addition to other contributions of the Republican Party to progress, he cited its "resistance . . . to every attempt to inject the Government into business in competition with its citizens. During the War," said Mr. Hoover, "we necessarily turned to the Government to solve every difficult economic problem. . . . When the War closed . . . we were challenged with a peace time choice between the American system of rugged individualism and a European philosophy of diametrically opposed doctrines—doctrines of paternalism and State socialism." The Republican Party, he averred, "restored the Government to its position as an umpire instead of a player in the economic game. For these reasons the American people have gone forward in progress while the rest of the world has halted, and some countries have even gone backward. If anyone will study the causes of retarded recuperation in Europe, he will find much of it due to the stifling of private initiative, on the one hand, and overloading of the Government with business on the other."

For prohibition, farm relief, and electrical power, Mr. Hoover said his opponent made proposals which would turn the country back from its natural and successful system, and "turn to State Socialism as a solution for the difficulties presented by all three. It is proposed," said Mr. Hoover, "that we shall change from prohibition to the State purchase and sale of liquor. If their agricultural relief program means anything, it means that the Government shall directly or indirectly buy and sell and fix prices of agricultural products. And we are to go into the hydro-electric-power business."

Mr. Hoover then outlined the effects of the projection of Government into business. Since business requires concentration, Government would become despotic. Business leadership is attained by competition which bureaucracy stifles. To avoid corruption and tyranny, Government turns to commissions which are fatal to economic business administration. Bureaucracy destroys the freedom of the individual employee. It is destructive of those rights which are the essence of true liberalism.

In contrast he upheld the principle of regulation by the Government and cooperation between Government and business. He reviewed the "unparalleled progress" of the last seven and a half years in support of his philosophy.

Such a social system as he advocated, he declared, enabled men and women to "walk in ordered freedom in the independent conduct of their occupations," and led to release from drudgery for "wider vision and a higher hope."

It was in this speech, in describing Governmental demand for publicity of utilities, that he coined the expression, "These businesses must be conducted with glass pockets."

I'LL GIVE YOU DR. BUTLER AND SIMEON FESS FOR FRANKLIN ROOSEVELT
NOTHING DOING, BUT I'LL GIVE YOU JIMMY WALKER AND JIM REED FOR BORAH
G.O.P.
DEMS

Thomson in the Detroit News

If Baseball Tactics Applied to Politics

"Socialists" All

Correspondents observed that Governor Smith wore a pleased grin the morning after Mr. Hoover spoke at Madison Square Garden. The grin told the knowing that he had found something for which he had been patiently biding his time; for Smith can wait as well as attack. They recalled how he had let young Colonel Roosevelt's gubernatorial campaign assume really victorious proportions before he struck. Then one happy day for the "Happy Warrior" the young colonel congratulated the wrong football team.

"Who told me that?" said Roosevelt, glaring at his advisors.

It was enough. Smith was up and down the State picking to pieces his rival's claims to the tune of "Now, who told Teddy that?" It is generally believed that Roosevelt's unfortunate remark cost him the election.

So he was a Socialist, eh? Smith was chanting at Boston a day or two after Mr. Hoover's rather poorly advised criticism of his rival. Then so were the late Theodore Roosevelt, Charles Evans Hughes, former Governor Nathan L. Miller, and Owen D. Young, chairman of the board of the General Electric Company; they agreed with him on the issue of control of water power.

So he was a Socialist? Then all the members of Congress, Republicans and Democrats, who voted for the Muscle Shoals Bill which President Coolidge vetoed, were Socialists.

Maybe his plan of liquor control was State Socialism? Then, "the present condition of bootlegging, hijacking, racketeering, corruption and lawlessness is governmental anarchy."

Was this cry of Socialism anything new? "Not to a man with my experience. I have heard it raised by the reactionary element of the Republican Party in my own State over a period of a quarter of a century. Every forward looking . . . legislative enactment in New York was at some time or other referred to by reactionary Republican leaders as State socialism."

What will be the effect of this refrain on the ballot we shall let the ballot decide on Tuesday. But we are glad that Governor Smith had at least once the opportunity which he sought.

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Orr in the Chicago Tribune

The Bumper Crop of Pumpkins

▸▸Norris Jumps the Fence

PERHAPS it wasn't much of a jump; but Senator George W. Norris, of Nebraska, came into the Smith fold late in the campaign and Democratic leaders began to calculate the number of farmers who would go over the fence with him.

"There is no other place for a Progressive," said Senator Norris as he went over. Governor Smith's proposals for farm relief and power control fetched him. He did not go as a prophet of victory but he thought that "farmers and those who depend on the farmers for their prosperity should support Mr. Smith.

"As for the power problem, it is a most evident fact that Hoover will do nothing to curb this giant trust. It is tightening its grip on the country, and the only one who will aid us, as I see it, is Smith."

Following the Nebraskan's declaration, Democratic leaders looked longingly toward Wisconsin where young Senator LaFollette is as uncertainly Republican as Senator Norris. They did not look long at Illinois, however, where former Governor Lowden has been conspicuously inactive.

▸▸Mr. Hughes's Speeches

IN HIS TWO SPEECHES at St. Joseph, Missouri, and Chicago respectively, Charles E. Hughes made powerful and impressive appeals for the election of Herbert Hoover. His effectiveness as a campaign speaker was early proved when he successfully ran for Governor of New York, and he has lost none of the arts of effective campaigning. During this campaign his praise of Governor Smith as a master of State Government has frequently been quoted by Governor Smith's supporters. Nothing that Mr. Hughes has said in either of these speeches either belies or weakens that praise. Mr. Hughes did not attempt to exhalt the candidate he favored by denying credit to the candidate he opposed.

"Experience teaches us," he said, "how unexpected are the emergencies, the crises which confront the President and in which we must depend upon his qualifications of knowledge, training and ability rather than upon what has been discussed before his election. . . . The question is between Smith and Hoover and I decidedly prefer Hoover. . . . I do not regard it as any disparagement of the personal qualities of Smith to prefer Hoover. Both men . . . represent the American tradition of rising from poor and humble circumstances to great place. . . . Each has been the builder of his own success. . . . If Governor Smith were running for office of Governor of New York, the press and the platform would be full of praise of his knowledge of the Government of that State. . . . I do not depreciate the advantages of that training. But it is a poor argument which says that we should elect a Governor because of his intimate knowledge of State affairs, but should not choose a President because of his rare and intimate knowledge of National affairs. . . . The special knowledge and training of Herbert Hoover point directly

Having said as much at St. Joseph, Mr. Hughes at Chicago turned his guns on some of Governor Smith's arguments and methods of campaigning. Quoting Governor Smith's description of Republicans as having "no ideas about progress," and as being "Bourbons," Mr. Hughes remarked: "In one who seeks the Presidency we are entitled to look for fairness and not claptrap. . . . I have no desire to emulate the Governor by either excessive praise or blame." Citing Governor Smith's reference to Coolidge economy, Mr. Hughes said: "Nothing in this campaign has been more discreditable, in my judgment, than the attempt to belie and ridicule this successful effort." After paying tribute to General Lord, Director of the Budget, Mr. Hughes remarked: "Yet Governor Smith calls him 'Colonel Mullberry Sellers Lord,' and accuses him of selling 'eye wash' to the public. I suppose this is what Governor Smith calls the 'low down.' I think it is quite low down. A very cheap performance!" And later Mr. Hughes caustically remarked, "I have not been able to find that Governor Smith has a record of economy. I think he needs men like Secretary Mellon and General Lord to get results."

Weed in the New York Evening World

The Great "Dool" Scene

Certainly Mr. Hughes remains an adept in campaign speaking.

▸▸Letter from an Editor

THE EDITOR of the "Atlantic Monthly," Mr. Ellery Sedgwick, asks the editor of the New York "Sun" to be "allowed to bear testimony to the dignity, the forbearance and the good citizenship of the Roman Catholic clergy in America."

We quote in part Mr. Sedgwick's letter:

"What they have felt under a campaign of undeserved aspersion could perhaps not be expressed in words. But in all the welter of open slander and covert sneers I have not noted a single un-Christian retort, a single unworthy reply made by a priest of the Church of Rome. Let us be just. This Church, quite alien to most of us, has taught us a lesson in manners and in morals. It is a commonplace of such reasonable conversation as is still conducted during this campaign that had the Catholic clergy thrown themselves into the hurly-burly after the pattern of their Methodist brothers the Republic would have rocked on its foundations. What would good Americans say if some good Democratic daughter of Rome were to appeal to Catholic churches to organize as definite political groups and strike a blow for the cause which they believe to be the cause of temperance? Possibly that "Joan of Arc" would have been burned at the stake, and not ill-deservedly.

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Underwood

ON DUTY IN NICARAGUA

Brigadier General Frank R. McCoy, President of the American Electoral Mission

"But it is not the mischievous fanaticism of Mrs. Willebrandt to which I would refer (though to many citizens Mr. Hoover's willingness to profit by her activities injure his otherwise unexceptionable stand), but rather to the vulgar and ignorant abuse given the central church of Christendom by the unthinking of all classes. These are matters brought home to my personal knowledge. My mail reeks with imbecilities about "Rum and Romanism." It is stated that the Jesuits have bought in secret the magazine which I edit, and I am offered the choice of pleading guilty either to knavery or utter folly.

"The ventilation of this festering sore is for the best. To the Americanism preached by Ireland and Gibbons is now added the Americanism practiced by Smith. The Catholic Church in America is in the civic sense an American church. Ultramontanism is in this country a lost cause. To the limbo where it belongs, Protestant bigotry must follow. The conduct of the Church, high above reproach in this bad crisis, will not be forgotten."

Mr. Sedgwick, as is probably well known, will vote for Smith.

▶▶*Headlines*

NEWSPAPER PARTISANSHIP manifests itself in headlines more often than in news columns. The New York "World," which is backing Al Smith to the limit in its editorial columns, has given due space and prominence to Hoover's speeches in its news columns. Likewise the "World's" correspondents have apparently been doing their best to report political conditions as they find them. One of these correspondents is George F. Authier, who has been touring the Middle West making a survey of conditions. From Iowa Authier reports: "The story of Iowa, native State of Herbert Hoover, is a trend toward the Democratic candidate . . . With its normal Republican majority of approximately 300,000 or more, the trend would have to be most pronounced for the Democratic candidate to win. The chances are that Herbert Hoover will carry the State . . . The revolting Republicans, and there are many thousands of them, are fighting to cut down the regular Republican majority."

Mr. Authier must have been surprised to find his statements interpreted as meaning that:

"IOWA STAMPEDES TO SMITH CAUSE

WORLD CORRESPONDENT FINDS REPUBLICANS IN REVOLT

HOOVER LOSING FARMERS

HIS NATIVE STATE DECLARED MORE THAN DOUBTFUL"

▶▶*Mr. Coolidge Keeps A Promise*

ON NOVEMBER 4, Mr. Coolidge keeps a promise, made by an emissary of his, Colonel Henry L. Stimson, one day in May, 1927, at a spot known as Tipitapa Bridge. Tipitapa Bridge is in Nicaragua; Colonel Stimson had been sent there to halt the civil war then being carried on between two political factions, the Conservatives and the Liberals. Affairs in Nicaragua were not new to Colonel Stimson. He had been Secretary of War in the Cabinet of President Taft and, while no troops from his Department accompanied the Marines and Bluejackets who landed at Bluefields in 1909, still, he must have heard Nicaraguan affairs discussed at Cabinet meetings and the like. At any rate, the Colonel was successful; an armistice was arranged upon the promise that the United States Government would guarantee the Presidential election of November 4. Colonel Stimson returned to receive his appointment as Governor General of the Philippines. But the Marines remained and, between adventurous sorties after the super-patriotic General Sandino through the northern jungles of Nicaragua, have been arranging to supervise at the polls. Nicaraguans

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AIMEE McPHERSON AND LONDON NIGHT LIFE

The American evangelist visits a coffee stall during her tour of London by night

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are to be given every opportunity to vote as they desire. There is to be no stuffing of the boxes, and American officials will count the votes. In this way, feel the Nicaraguans, and in this way alone, can they be assured of having a President who represents the real choice of the people.

While Wall Street seems not sufficiently interested to lay betting odds on the outcome of the elections, it seems probable that the Liberal candidate, José Maria Moncada, will be elected by a comfortable margin. It was General Moncada who represented his faction in the Tipitapa conversations, and some have hinted that his eagerness to conclude an armistice upon the terms secured sprang from a feeling that the Nicaraguan White House might not be outside his reach in a fair election. It is interesting to note that both candidates have pledged themselves to invite American assistance at the ballot boxes in 1932. What will Dr. Borah say?

▸▸*The Singing Candidate*

THE CANDIDACY of Eugene J. O'Mara, Democratic nominee for Congress in the Tenth New Jersey district, will be watched with eager interest. Mr. O'Mara, it is reported, has determined upon a singing campaign.

At a recent rally the nominee, who formerly was a choir singer, was asked by some friends in the audience to oblige with a song. He did so, made his speech and took his seat to a storm of applause. None of the other speakers of the evening received an ovation comparable to it.

Thereupon Mr. O'Mara decided that he would sing at all his meetings and he was confident, a week before Election Day, that he would be swept into office upon the wings of song. He has even considered abandoning all speaking and offering recitals, instead.

▸▸*Industrial Pensions; Lady Ph.D.s*

ACCORDING to an address before the National Association of Manufacturers American industry is paying $450,000,000 a year to retired employees under some 500 wage plans adopted by corporations throughout the country.

This is a form, in the vast majority of cases, of "group insurance." Instead of having a corporate pension plan, likely to make enormous drains within a few years, the company buys what is really an annuity for its employees. The employee, nearly always, assists in providing for his future by contributing a share of his wages.

It is now agreed that this constitutes an efficient means of taking care of "employee obsolescence," just as depreciation funds take care of machinery which grows out of date. As yet, however, the sums realized by the workers are not large. In Pennsylvania, for instance, the average is now about $15 a week.

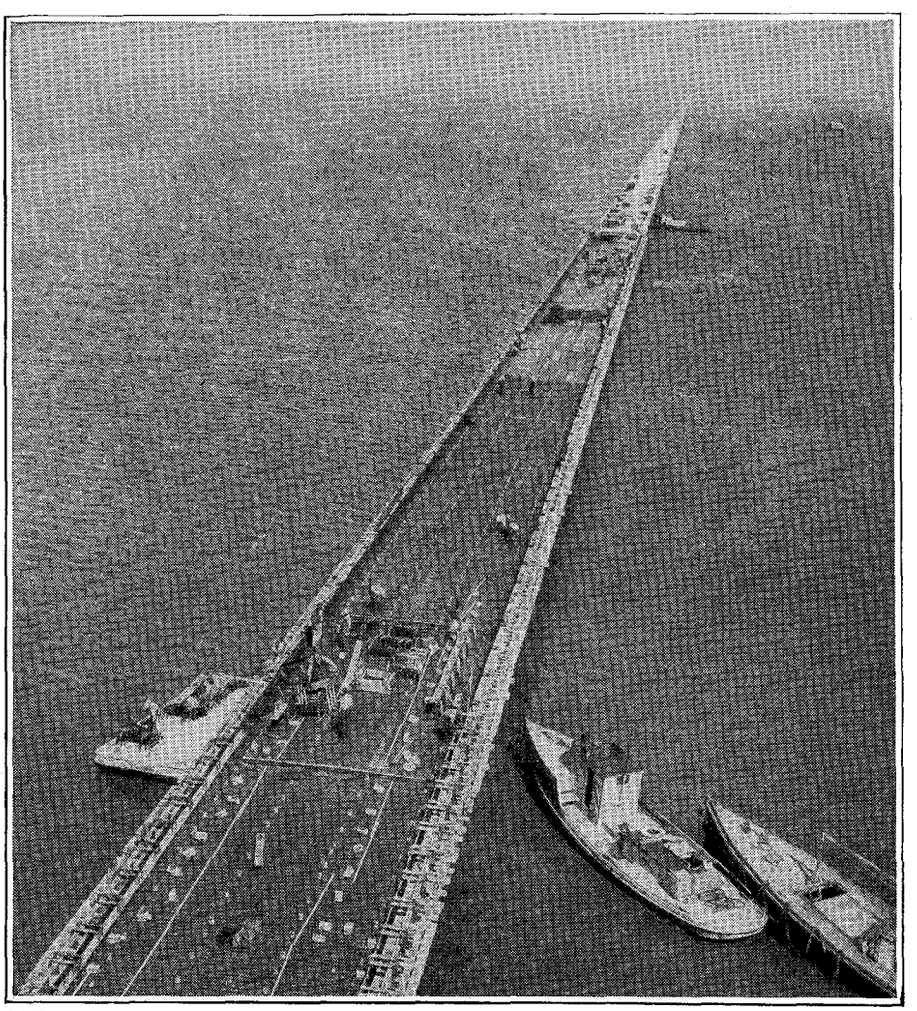
But the worker is, at least, being thought of. What of men and women who have spent years in educating themselves? A survey just completed at Radcliffe College shows the average salary of a Ph. D. to be $2,900 a year. An A.B. receives an average of $2,000 a year. Thus it is shown that higher degrees bring greater returns. The salaries are, however, extremely low and in the majority of cases, it is probable, these women receive no pensions and can avail themselves of no pension plan.

▸▸*Government Aid for Shipping*

THE JONES-WHITE Merchant Marine Act, which was signed by President Coolidge at about the time that he vetoed the McNary-Haugen farm relief bill, has been put in operation by the United States Shipping Board. Last week a loan of some $4,500,000 was granted to the Export Steamship Corporation of New York for the construction of four new vessels.

What the Jones Bill, as it is usually called, provides is, of course, an indirect subsidy for the American merchant marine. It constituted an amendment to the previous Merchant Marine Act in that loans were increased from two thirds to three quarters of the cost of vessel construction. In addition, the interest rates were reduced from 4¼ per cent to the lowest rate of yield of any government security. There seems, as yet, to be some doubt as to just what the rate will be.

In the case of the $4,500,000 award,



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THE WORLD'S LONGEST BRIDGE

across the James River at Newport News, Virginia, which will be opened in November. It is five and a half miles long

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the first under the amended bill, four combined passenger and cargo ships will be built for the New York-Mediterranean service. Obviously the Export Steamship Corporation, thus able to obtain cheap money, will save enormous overhead costs. The law provides that the loan may be called if the company passes out of the control of American citizens.

▶▶A "Pilot-in-Waiting"

An Associated Press dispatch from Turin contains the edifying news that Premier Mussolini has created a new type of personal aide. Major Arturo Ferrarin, the Italian flyer who made the long crossing from Italy to Brazil last July, has been promoted to the post of "personal pilot-in-waiting" to the Premier.

Major Ferrarin has been assigned to duty at Rome and will be ready at all times to take Premier Mussolini for a spin. The idea is one that might well be adopted in the United States. Governor Smith, alas, is emphatic in his refusal to fly. But Mr. Herbert Hoover has not so spoken and in the event of his election he might appoint Colonel Lindbergh, one of his supporters, to the office of "pilot-in-waiting" to the President. Or Mayor Jimmy Walker might take on Clarence Chamberlin and thereby reach his appointments on time.

▶▶Another Newspaper String

In the United States, as in England, this is an age in which business methods are applied to the once individual craft of journalism. Powerful publishers are increasing the number of their journals by numerous purchases. The tendency is causing a good deal of alarm.

The latest publisher to qualify among the owners of newspaper strings is Frank E. Gannett of Rochester, New York. Mr. Gannett has just annaunced the acquisition of the "Knickerbocker Press" of Albany and the Albany "Evening News." He now has a total of fourteen papers, most of them in New York State. He takes his place with the Scripps-Howard, the Hearst and the Paul Block interests.

The peril in this lies in the degree to which the owner uses his papers to influence public opinion along lines in which he—not his editors—believes. The Scripps-Howard papers, while boasting of local autonomy, force their editors to adopt a uniform policy on national affairs. Mr. Block also does this as does, of course, Mr. Hearst.

As yet, Mr. Gannett has made no efforts to follow. Some of his journals are Republican and others are Democratic.

Underwood

A BRITISH PEERESS VISITS HER NATIVE STATE

Lady Astor photographed on her visit to the "Lottie Garrett" residence Williamsburg, Virginia

▶▶"Selling" Public Health

"We have been placing too much emphasis upon the selling of the idea of public health and not enough on actually delivering the goods."

This statement was made, and it will shock a good many very earnest and enormously active public health officials, by Dr. Shirley W. Wynne, Health Commissioner of New York City, at a recent conference.

In other words, too many public health experts believe that disease can be cured by propaganda alone. Diphtheria will disappear if enough speeches are made about the virtues of antitoxins. Tuberculosis can be eliminated by educating the public. But Dr. Wynne feels that more must be done.

Only twelve per cent of those in New York who had come in contact with diphtheria had availed themselves of the antitoxins. The greater part of the reduction in tuberculosis cases, he added, "comes solely from steadily improving economic conditions and not from public health work."

The public health men, in brief, must do more than tell it to the Rotary Club.

▶▶Noise As A Stimulant

For years we have had definite notions about riveters and early morning ash can bouncers, and the notion that they might be of any use to us was not one of them. We never thought of them, for instance, as possible mixers of "noise cocktails." Yet certain experi-

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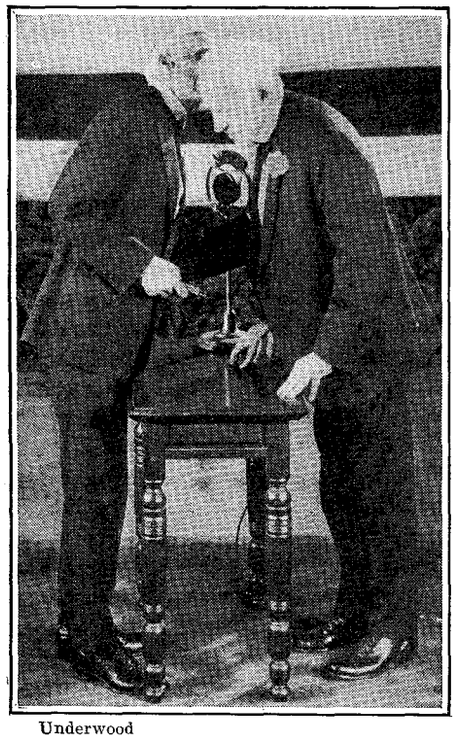

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ANOTHER TRIBUTE TO EDISON

Secretary Mellon and Thomas A. Edison after the presentation of the Congressional Medal to the noted inventor

ments undertaken on behalf of the National Safety Council and its committee on the elimination of harmful noises make some sort of a case for what we customarily regard as the curse of the cities.

"If we could learn what amount of noise will properly stimulate the average person," says Dr. Edward E. Free, Ph.D., of the Council, "we could prescribe a noise cocktail that would accelerate the workings of everybody's body and mind. Of course this experimentation is only at its beginning and generalizations must be tentative. But it is already obvious that some experts have rated the cost of noise on a basis of assumption not justified."

This theory is related to the principle that some outside stimulus is necessary to spur us to our best efforts. It is granted, however, that too much noise is as destructive as too much tippling.

▸▸*"Noble Kindly Servant"*

President Coolidge praised him with unaccustomed lavishness, concluding with this personal message:

"Noble, kindly servant of the United States and benefactor of mankind, may you long be spread to continue your work and to inspire those who will carry forward your torch."

Andrew W. Mellon, Secretary of the Treasury, came from Washington with the gold medal that Congress had voted "as a token of the high esteem and grateful appreciation of your country."

Ronald Ian Campbell, chargé d'affaires of the British Embassy, returned his first phonograph from the South Kensington Museum in London.

All the kind words that were said to him and about him were relayed to the country over a radio hook-up of forty-eight stations.

Thus was Thomas Alva Edison suitably honored in the eighty-first year of his life and on the forty-ninth anniversary of his invention of the incandescent light.

▸▸*Princeton's Endowment*

Mr. Henry G. Granger of Buskirk, New York, a small town near Troy, seems to have evolved something new. He has deposited $100 in a local bank with instructions that it is to be kept on deposit for 1,000 years. Each year half the interest is to be sent to Princeton University and the other half added to the principal. At the end of the 1,000 years the entire sum is to go to Princeton.

How much will it be? A good many mathematicians will spend their evenings working it out. At the close of Ninety years the total will be about $1,600. But in 500 years it will come to almost $9,500,000. And at the end of the 1,000 years the fund will be so large that no one, to date, has figured it out.

Mr. Granger, a Princeton graduate, takes care of all eventualities, however, In case the sum is so large that the university cannot use it, the surplus can be devoted to any public purpose.

▸▸*Free Speech in the South*

The South has for generations had its list of public questions which it prefers to have discussed from only one point of view and from time to time has added new ones; but there are signs at least that the privilege of disagreeing with conventional Southern opinion is growing a little less restricted.

For instance, President Charles Smith, of the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism, has been harrying Arkansas for a year or more with an advertising and publicity campaign to "save" her from a proposed anti-evolution law. Arkansas fundamentalists, being human, probably resent being "saved" by professional crusaders from New York quite as much as New Yorkers have resented having their drinking habits corrected by prohibition evangelists from Dixie. Consequently, shortly after Mr. Smith

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A JAPANESE FIRE DRILL

In Japan School Children are Taught to Extinguish Blazes as Well as How to Leave a Burning Building.

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arrived in Little Rock to direct his liberation campaign in person, he found himself arrested. It was an ideal occasion to invoke Little Rock's famous city ordinance against using the name of the Deity without "veneration and worship." Yet the Little Rock city prosecutor dropped this charge and Mr. Smith paid only a $25 fine for distributing printed material "calculated to provoke a breach of the peace."

Meanwhile Mr. Benjamin Gitlow, Communist candidate for Vice President, was invading Texas. In San Antonio he had the possibly unique experience of having the American Legion withdraw a protest at his appearance, and while the city auditorium in Dallas was denied him at the local Legion post's instigation, there were plenty of other halls he could have had if he had chosen to come anyway. Still more significantly, he might have read in the orthodox Dallas "News" the sharp editorial comment that "official Dallas doesn't stand very high" by this test of its liberalism. "If a Communist may not talk Communism, as he has a right to do under the Constitution, is he not thereby virtually invited to propagate it by the destruction of property and the fomenting of ill will? . . . Gitlow comes following the forms of law—and the law refuses to abide by its own forms."

None of these instances may betray an exactly excessive liberalism. Mr. Smith in fact, felt himself so aggrieved that he determined to advertise his cause further by serving out his fine in jail. But neither in the Smith nor the Gitlow case have outraged Southern traditionalists clamped on the "hush" restrictions so frankly or so extremely as might have been expected from certain sectional habits and precedents.

▶▶Good Roads and Government Treasuries

CUBA has let a contract for a $75,680,000 paved motor highway from one end of the island to the other. Mexico has a passable highway from Laredo, Texas, to Monterey and the Chihuahua State Government is making plans to build one from El Paso to Chihuahua City by increasing gasoline taxes and possibly by imposing additional toll charges.

These are not big as highway projects go in the United States, but they will open the way to the increasing throng of American winter tourists for side trips of two or three days into Latin America. This is important because the immediate development of good roads in the Latin American republics of our continent seems likely to depend largely on tourists from the States. The difficulty so far has been to meet construction charges of from $50,000 to $100,000 in a land especially impoverished and sparsely settled near the American border. If the new highways leading from the border to a few of the northern Mexico metropolises can draw southward every year a tourist traffic worth a few hundred thousand dollars in local business, it would be a fair indication that a highway development reaching as far as Mexico City would draw a tourist traffic worth millions. And the prospect of an annual American spending account of millions in Mexico, particularly if part of it could be assured to the Government by moderate toll charges for the use of the roads, would go far toward justifying the loans to the Mexican federal and State Governments necessary to construction.

Remarkable Remarks

The cure for the ills of democracy is more democracy.—ALFRED E. SMITH.

I am for Smith because he will put a smile in the White House.—CHRISTIAN BRINTON.

He (the President) must interpret the conscience of America.—HERBERT HOOVER.

Hoover has shown nothing but moral unction.—ELMER DAVIS.

If Mr. Hoover and Governor Smith were the only candidates I should no more bother to vote than jump off the Woolworth building.—REV JOHN HAYNES HOLMES.

All that I have seen leads me to conclude that it is the politicians, not the preachers, who are responsible for rousing the religious issue in the present campaign.—REV RALPH W. SOCKMAN.

There has been a deliberate and willful attempt to misrepresent my part in the campaign.—MABEL WALKER WILLEBRANDT.

Mrs Willebrandt seems to be a likeable person with a keen legal mind.—MAYOR WALKER.

We do not discuss religion and we do not engage in brawls with women.—SENATOR MOSES.

"Jimmy" Walker is one of the accidents of politics.—JOSEPH MCGOLDRICK.

A governor does not have to be an acrobat.—ALFRED E. SMITH.

The difference between honest politicians and those who have been caught is no more than a difference in bookkeeping.—H. L. MENCKEN.

▶▶ ◀◀

▶▶Victory for the Corn Borer

MULTIPLIED MILLIONS have been spent by the United States Department of Agriculture to eradicate or, that failing, to prevent the spread of the Europena corn borer. Now the Department has announced through the specialist in charge of the work that the national spread of the pest cannot be stopped; the corn belt is going to get it. This spread Dr. Larrimer said, cannot even be retarded. In short, science is completely whipped by a bit of a worm. Yet it may be that this statement does an injustice to science. The battle is lost but the best scientific opinion never wanted to join battle with the borer believing from the outset that it would be hopeless. Who then is to blame for all this waste of money—the administration of the Department of Agriculture or Congress, which appropriated the money, or the people or the corn belt who were frightened almost to death by an insect that probably will not injure them greatly. After all there has been from the outset good entomological authority for the belief that if the European corn borer were turned loose in the corn belt, corn growers would never be aware of its presence. When real economy begins at Washington it will be less easy to get almost unlimited appropriations for impossible enterprises whose usefulness would be doubtful even if they could succeed. One good word however should be said for the corn borer fiasco. The scientists in charge have not, in abandoning the fight, taken the hopeless attitude that has characterized the forest service attitude to ward off the chestnut blight. Means for controlling the pest are still to be sought without great expense in the true scientific way.

▶▶How Will the Poll Check Up?

THE "LITERARY DIGEST" conducts each Presidential year a Nation-wide straw ballot of tremendous proportions. Four years ago the "Digest's" straw ballot came remarkably close to showing the final election figures. The figures for this year, as of October 21, indicate that Smith may carry only four States out of the forty-eight. The States in which Smith has a majority in the "Digest" poll are Mississippi, Louisiana, Georgia and South Carolina.

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Of course some of the States represented in the "Digest's" poll are closely divided enough so that a slight unrepresentative error in the "Digest's" ballots would throw the States to Smith. Since this issue of Outlook and Independent is dated on the day after the election they will have a direct opportunity to compare the "Digest's" figures with the actual results. The comparison, particularly in the Southern States, ought to be interesting.

▶▶The Poor and Proud Seminoles

AMONG THE SUFFERERS by flood in the Florida Everglades were many of the few surviving hundreds of the Seminoles. Mrs. Moore-Wilson, who is trying to help them, says, "The Seminoles are too proud to ask for aid and they don't get it."

This tribe of Indians was independent when the United States bought Florida from Spain. When after the "Seminole War" our Government tried to move them westward, the fathers of those now still in Florida refused to go; they said they had lived in the Everglades for centuries and meant to stay. They fish, hunt, dress like the Indians of early days, and their religion, we are told, is "never to lie, steal or cheat" and "to live with God." Mrs. Moore-Wilson, who lives in Kissimmee, declares that the treatment of the Seminoles is "one of the blackest marks in American history." Apart from this and apart from the picturesque interest in their retention of early ways of living it surely would be humane to help them in their distress. There is national interest also in the suggestion that it would be a delightful thing to make in the Everglades a permanent reservation for the Seminoles, to be also a national bird and game preserve.

▶▶The Inventor of Graustark

WHEN ANTHONY HOPE conceived the idea of the kingdom of Zenda, somewhere in the eastern part of Europe, and plunged an Englishman unwittingly into plots for its throne, he started a new form of romance. The idea was promptly seized upon by an American, George Barr McCutcheon, with his Graustark. When Mr. McCutcheon died suddenly the other day, it was stated that some five million copies of his novels have entertained that large class of readers who enjoy the plunging of some American of resource and courage into the intrigues of royalty, the clanking of swords and the threats of death and disaster.

In such tales one must not ask for probability or reality; it is enough to encounter thrilling adventure and vivacious writing. Mr. McCutcheon had his reward, not only in material returns but, as one writer expresses it, "in that he had set blamelessly dreaming so many college boys, kitchen maids and daughters of millionaires." The literary fashion he essayed so successfully in "Graustark," "Beverly of Graustark" and "Castle Craneycrow" is now out of mode in fiction but it is still much in vogue in moving pictures. That he had attraction as a story teller apart from the Graustark species of fiction is shown by the exceedingly long list of his other "best sellers." One of these, "Brewster's Millions," was at first published under a fictitious name (Richard Greaves) to test the truth of a friend's remark that, now that McCutcheon had made his fame, anything under his name would sell; it at once proved to be one of his most popular stories.

Before Anthony Hope and McCutcheon, another writer had used the idea of an imaginary kingdom existing in modern times. Stevenson's "Prince Otto" showed that this device could be combined with fine art and with keen character depiction. Probably it did not sell as well as "The Prisoner of Zenda" but it was certainly far above that story or "Gaustark" as literature.

Remarkable Remarks

It (alcohol) gives a feeling of distinct warmth and comfort to the aged.—DR. SAMUEL W. LAMBERT.

The purpose of the Eighteenth Amendment is to protect the American home.—HERBERT HOOVER.

One does not have to be a fanatic to be a dry.—OWEN D. YOUNG.

All one needs to become enthusiastic for prohibition is to have a memory of what conditions were in the old days.—DANIEL S. MARSH, PRESIDENT OF BOSTON UNIVERSITY.

As long as we keep liquor in its present position of disrepute the enforcement problem will take care of itself.—DEAN ROBERT E. REINOW, STATE UNIVERSITY OF IOWA.

If one quart of champagne is good it does not follow that four quarts would be better if taken in rapid succession.—W. O. MCGEEHAN.

We have the right to drink if we want to drink.—CLAUDE ANET.

Anybody who knows America realizes that the reprehensible attitude of the police was not due to evil intentions, but must be explained on the grounds of inadequate schooling.—DR. GRZESINSKI.

There is very little I do not know.—MUSSOLINI.

I am sure your American Legion will be a very great factor for peace in the world.—LORD ALLENBY.

We cannot trust the United States.—SAMUEL SAMUEL M. P.

The farmers like to be bancoed.—WILLIAM OSBORNE.

▶▶ ◀◀

▶▶No "Mene" City

"A MENE THING, in inhabitation of fishars," was the description of Plymouth, England, given by a Twelfth Century writer. It has seen a lot of history since then but only a fortnight ago did it become, by the grace of George V, a city.

Possibly it didn't want to be a city because it was proud of being the first English town incorporated by Act of Parliament—that was about five hundred years ago; possibly there is some kink in English municipal law that stood in the way.

At all events Plymouth has plenty of claim to honor. From it came our Pilgrim Fathers—and, three hundred years later, the Plymouth Brethren, that odd sect which insists on the right of all its male members to prophesy *ad lib;* from it was sent the first woman to enter Parliament, Lady Astor; in it are the oldest water works in England, founded if you please, by Sir Francis Drake, then town mayor; from it's "Hoe" was first seen the advance of the Spanish Armada. Add to this that Plymouth has nearly or quite a half-million people; that it is a great and important seaport; and that the Prince of Wales is its Lord High Steward, and one can well conceive that it will not be over-elated by its new dignity.

▶▶Rift in the Chinese Clouds

ACCORDING to latest dispatches from the new All-China capital at Nanking, Japan and the Nationalists are in a fair way to reach a resolution of their differences by the usual diplomatic route of compromise. While conditions in China are always "subject to change without notice"—to borrow a line from the railroad time tables—there really seems to be no good reason why a working agreement should not be reached.

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Underwood

LITTLE DICTATORS

Mussolini's two sons on their visit to Tripoli

Thus far, the continued breach seems conditional upon the strange intransigence of the Japanese. Premier Tanaka sent some 18,000 of his legionaries into the peninsula of Shantung to "protect" Japanese lives and property. There was the inevitable clash when Nationalist armies on their way to Peking entered the province last May, and China holds that Japanese and not Chinese soldiers fired the first shots. More recently the Japanese have advised Chang Hsueh-liang, youthful dictator of Manchuria, to stay clear of Nationalism. Naturally the Nationalists have resented this interference and their first reprisal was to announce the abrogation of the Sino-Japanese commercial treaty. The treaty is one of the points at issue at the present time. Doubtless Mr. C. T. Wang, Foreign Minister of the Nationalists, will be open to persuasion in reconsidering abrogation of the treaty, but in return he will doubtless ask that Japan take her fingers from Chang Hsueh-liang's coat collar and let him follow his own inclinations into the Nationalist fold. Such an eventuality would have the effect of bringing the last Chinese provinces under the banner of the rising sun.

If it is true that China and Japan have resolved their differences, it may be inferred that Premier Tanaka has been taking stock of his situation at home. For Japan is by no means unified behind his Chinese policy. There has been uneasiness and criticism; doubtless he is beginning to feel that the rigth hand which signed the Kellogg treaty can hardly justify itself with the left fist in China.

▸▸*Builders of Plowshares*

MEANWHILE, Chiang Kai-shek, virtual chieftain of the Nationalist Government, is carrying out his promise to build up China economically. His latest move has been to elevate six Americans to the post of honorary economic adviser. To date the list includes Major General James G. Harbord, president of the Radio Corporation of America, Henry Ford, Owen D. Young, Robert Harper, Professor E. R. A. Seligman and Professor Jeremiah W. Jenks.

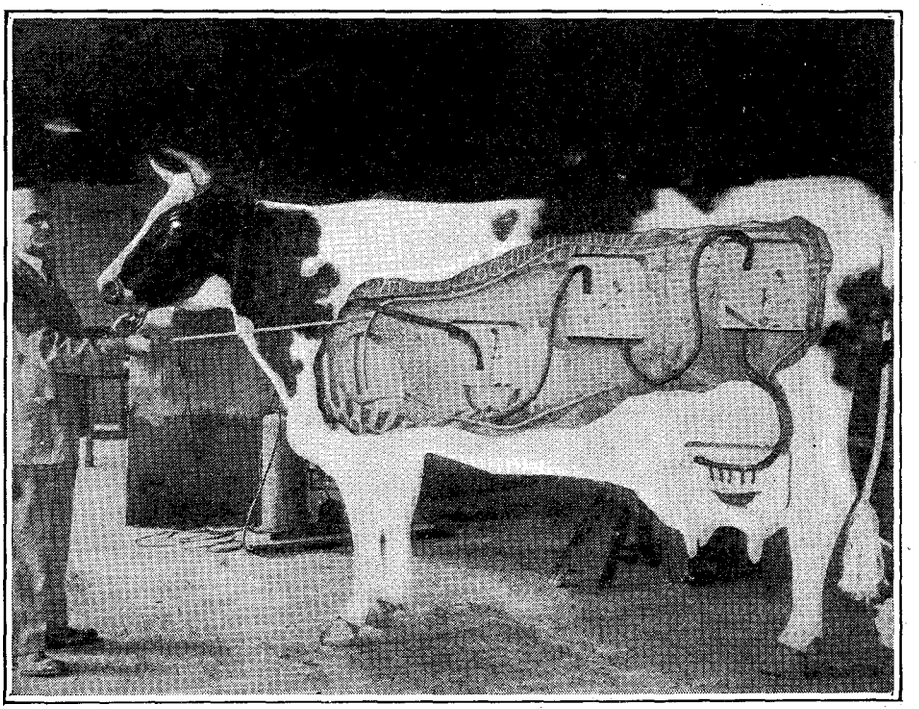
▸▸*Faith Healing*

A SPECIAL COMMISSION which has been spending six years in investigation made a report to the House of Deputies at the General Convention of the Protestant Episcopal Church at one of its sessions at Washington declaring that "Christian healing has passed beyond the stage of experiment and its value cannot be questioned. It recommended to the Episcopal Convention that it "thankfully recognize the deepening of the spiritual life of the Church which has come through the growing recognition of the healing power of God." It pronounced spiritual healing as "no longer the hope of a few but the belief and practice of a large and rapidly increasing number of persons," and as "an experience of mankind that can no longer be questioned."

Perhaps the most significant fact in connection with the report is that it was signed, among others, by three physicians, Dr. W. Sinclair Bowen of Washington, D. C., Dr. Howard Johnson of San Francisco, and Dr. Charles H. Mayo of Rochester, Minnesota.

Dr. Mayo is one of the most famous surgeons in the world. With his brother, Dr. William J. Mayo, he established the great Mayo Foundation at Rochester, Minnesota.

The commission which made this report, and which was established jointly by the Episcopal House of Bishops and House of Deputies, declared that all faith healing should be carried on in close co-operation with medical science and practice.



Underwood

UNCLE SAM'S TALKING COW

Shown partly dissected to disclose the various processes of transforming its food into milk. A hidden phonograph supplies lectures on various dairy methods This cow is the property of the Department of Agriculture at Washington.

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Editorial

Let the Treatment Fit the Criminal

A REVOLTING crime has been "expiated" on the gallows. If the death of a murderer can ever be a compensation for the death of his victim, the execution of young Hickman by the State of California for the fiendish murder of his employer's little daughter was a moderate price. The inconceivable callousness that permitted the murderer not only to strangle the girl but to deliver her mutilated body to her father in return for money exacted under the false pretense of restoring her alive is of the sort that arouses public rage. In a more primitive community it would have led to summary vengeance. The provision of counsel for defense, the orderly trial, and, after appeal to exhaust the resources of the law, the official execution constitute an improvement over appeasement of an outraged community by lynching. "Hickman was fairly tried," says the New York "World." "He was accorded every right that any citizen can claim. He is now dead. That tells the whole story and points the whole moral."

Does it? We do not think so.

Is that the best we can do with our Hickmans? Is that all that can be done to protect our Marion Parkers? Are the standards of society no higher than those of the underworld gang that avenges a killing by "bumping off" the killer? Do we imagine that we are dealing intelligently with crime when we put the criminal out of the way temporarily or permanently?

Hickman's fate has no effect in deterring others of his kind from similar crimes. While he was on his legal way to the gallows a young Japanese in Hawaii, excited by his example, committed a crime like his. All that Hickman's death insures is that he will himself never commit a crime again.

Twelve years ago this journal proposed that every murderer, after being convicted in court, should be turned over to a special tribunal to determine what should be done with him. Governor Smith of New York has recently proposed that such a tribunal or sentencing board be created for dealing not only with murderers but with all convicted felons. Suppose such a sentencing board, composed of experts in medicine, psychiatry, law, sociology, and the like, had been invoked in Hickman's case. It would, in fact, have been invoked several years before the murder, and might well have averted the murder altogether, and Marion Parker might be alive today.

About a year and a half ago Hickman forged a check. He was tried in Los Angeles, proved guilty, and released on probation. In the meantime he spent several weeks in the county jail. On his release, he began committing a series of crimes, including theft, robbery, and at least one murder—ranging as far south as Texas, as far east as Washington, and as far north as Chicago—culminating in the murder in Los Angeles for which he was hanged. If, instead of being released under a probation officer Hickman had been committed by the court to the custody of a sentencing board, the first thing to be done would have been to examine his history. Then would have been discovered what now is known. His history is told in the "Survey" for October 1. His mother was feeble-minded and had been insane, and after release from the State hospital had frequently threatened the lives of her children and stood over them with butcher knife and hand ax. Several maternal relatives were mentally unstable or defective. His father, whom he hated, deserted the family. Both by heredity and environment he was fitted for the criminal schooling he presumably got in jail and for his brief but devastating criminal career. He was a great reader and was ambitious in school. Disappointments brought him chagrin and resentment. Human material of that sort is peculiarly beyond the understanding of ordinary prison officials and is likewise unfit for free society. A properly constituted sentencing board would have found this out and would have sent young Hickman where, if remediable, he could have been cured, if irremediable, he could have been permanently retained under guardianship.

Instead of weakening our courts, such a sentencing board would strengthen them. It would concentrate upon the court in each case the authority and duty of determining guilt or innocence of the accused.

But it would free the jury from consideration of the consequences of its verdict, which now often leads jurymen to avoid a verdict of first degree murder; and, by minimizing the ill consequences of possible judicial prejudice, it would supply good reason for increasing the power of the judge to comment upon the facts as they were established and to clarify the minds of the jury.

Such a sentencing board involves several things. It involves freedom from political or other influence. It involves the substitution of institutions of mental and moral cure for such secret places of detention as our prisons. It involves, most of all, a radical change in the attitude of our people toward crime and the criminal—a change that means at least the subordinating of the spirit of retribution to an insistence upon intelligent protection of society and a real desire for the cure of those who by nature or circumstance are twisted and warped from the normal.

Not all criminals are Hickmans by any means. Many of them are simply normal human beings who have been virtually educated into enmity to society. Many of them are potentially good citizens. But we treat them, with few exceptions, as if they were all alike. We assume that the administration of the law is a sort of game, of which the participants are supposed to know the rules; that each infraction of the rules has a penalty, which, when paid, lets the offender off free; that judges are referees to interpret the rules, and that juries are umpires to decide when they have been broken.

No wonder we have developed an underworld skilled in breaking the rules and generally willing to take a sporting chance of discovery and punishment.

We shall never deal intelligently with crime till we recognize it as a disease of society to be diagnosed and treated—cured whenever cure is possible and, whenever cure is impossible, then isolated; and we shall never deal with the criminal intelligently until we stop making the punishment fit the crime and begin making the treatment fit the criminal.

The Editors

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What the Country Is Thinking

The Graf Zeppelin

By ERNEST HAMLIN ABBOTT

FOR WHAT will 1928 be best remembered? Will history pick out this year as the date of the birth of some great man—let us say a composer greater than Beethoven? It may be. Something of that sort may overshadow every event now knowable. But with our present knowledge, three events may well serve as candidates for future distinction—the Campaign of the Brown Derby, the Treaty for Renouncing War, and the arrival in America of the Graf Zeppelin, the first transatlantic air liner.

This has been an aviation year. In spite of the distractions of an excited Presidential contest, editorial writers have devoted much space to the aviators. As a people we have rapidly been becoming air-minded. Our cities are vying with one another in claims of superiority as airports. Local pride is enlisted in securing municipal air fields. Interior towns are beginning to dream of a future when ships of the air will make the rest of the world as accessible to them as ships of the ocean have made it accessible to ports on the seaboard. Rapidly succeeding events in the air have furnished topics for comment that has almost pushed political discussion to one side. But the real cap to the climax has been the transatlantic voyage of the great German dirigible.

Here indeed was something to stir the very practical imagination of Americans. At times it seems as if all Americans were Missourians. At other times it seems as if they had all come from the land of the leprechawn. They want to be "shown"; but when shown, they let their fancy run almost wild. Nothing could very well be devised to suit more exactly the curiously contradictory American mind, this matching of the skeptical with the imaginative, than the Graf Zeppelin's visit.

Of course it was the skeptical, practical side of America that first found expression. Comment in the press avoided committal in advance. We will wait and see, was evidently the thought that made comment cautious. Even after her safe arrival, the dirigible's voyage at first aroused questionings. What do the passengers say? They did not say much—they were pledged not to say anything. Their silence did not help to dispel the doubt. The voyage was doubtless a "step in the progress of transatlantic air transportation" but how important a step? That it opens the way for commercial flights is a matter of dispute. The big gas bag is at the mercy of the elements. It carries too few passengers to be valuable as an air packet and it is too slow for a mail carrier. No, it is not an unqualified success. The margin of safety is small. The monster's fin was ripped and was repaired only at great hazard. What a moment of anxiety was it when the dirigible's commander had to order the engines to speed up while his own son was at work out on the precarious ledge! And how about the passengers? Evidently they were very uncomfortable. When the vessel tilted, as it sometimes did, they feared for their lives—so it was rumored. The food was bad. There was no smoking. And the cost! Even if a few hours might perhaps be saved by a voyage in a dirigible instead of a fast steamship, are these few hours worth the discomfort and the money? The thing is really rather slow after all. It can go fast enough, but it has to detour around bad weather. It is, after all, an adventure and an experiment.

And yet these very doubts are doubted. There is always a "but" lurking after each question and criticism. After all it did arrive. After all it stayed aloft. After all it did come over faster than an ocean greyhound. After all—

And then begin to break out the fancies of the future. Even while the Zeppelin was on its way there came from the far Northwest—where they believe themselves more air-minded than the rest of the country—the flat assertion that the voyage "assumes a character beyond mere pioneership. . . . It apparently marks the beginning of an era of vigorous competition" —among other things, between dirigible and airplane. And as the "zep" (will this word soon find its way into the dictionary with "bus"?) sailed majestically over American territory, the enthusiastic shouts of the earth-bound multitude echoed in the editorial pages of the press. First of all, whatever else she has done, this stately ship of the air has come laden with good will. She is a ship of peace. How can there be war any more in a world bound together by the air lines of such air-liners? She comes laden, too, with visions of sky-filling argosies. Regions far from the water, that never knew the vanished romance of the sail, now may hopefully dream of the coming of new romance in veritable fleets of dignity and grace. It was only eighteen years ago that Walter Wellman's venture with a dirigible came to a disastrous end in midocean. May not it be less than eighteen years in the future before such fleets will hover over inland cities? Why not measure future progress by the progress of the past? Here is a great engineering feat and a great feat in navigation. It is true the Graf Zeppelin was buffeted. All the better. The severer the test, the greater the triumph. What if she was slower than an airplane? She was safer, and, besides, outraced the fastest surface vessel. What if she had an accident to her fin? She proved that repairs could be made in flight. And she demonstrated the worth of Blau gas—the new fuel.

Perhaps, indeed, we shall see the dirigible and airplane not in competition but in co-operation. Perhaps the special function of the dirigible will be to serve as mother ship to squadrons of airplanes.

And, as imagination tires, comes a warning. This may indeed be a harbinger of peace that Germany has sent from overseas; but it is also a revelation of the possibilities of future war. Every coast line is now vulnerable. If the dirigible may be useful as a mother ship for airplanes, she may carry her brood like a marsupial until she lets them fly with bombs against a hostile shore. Happily such a thought is expressed only as an aside.

And the comment at the end resumes a practical tone. This voyage of the Graf Zeppelin should be a spur to meteorology. When we can conquer the weather we shall conquer the air. We shall conquer it when we can foresee it and thus avoid its dangers. The storm which mobilizes its forces above the ocean is the air liner's enemy. We now have more reason than ever to learn its ways and to thwart its attacks.

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The Movies

By A. M. SHERWOOD, JR.

"The Battle of the Sexes"

A HAPPILY married and financially successful gentleman (Jean Hersholt) meets a gold-digger (Phyllis Haver) and leaves his wife (Belle Bennett), thereby handing her a dirty deal; but not nearly as dirty a deal as she gets from the director of the picture (D. W. Griffith).

When Belle Bennett murders a mother rôle—that's news. Ordinarily she tosses them off with an insight into their requirements approached by very few of her contemporaries; one feels inclined, when she boots one, to think that maybe it isn't her fault. Be this as it may, while Miss Haver and Mr. Hersholt are on the screen "The Battle of the Sexes" is first-rate comedy-drama, well worth your while, and when Miss Bennett gets going on her impersonation of a middle-aged female driven goofy by grief—it is ham beyond belief.

So inextricably mixed are the components of this picture that it's hard to do it justice in words. We liked it for its many moments of bright by-play and for the two fine performances in it; these factors, in our case, put "The Battle of the Sexes" across. But that's a long way from saying that we think you would feel the same way. You'll be harmed in no way if you see it—and you'll have practically nothing to regret if you don't.

"The Wedding March"

"THE WEDDING MARCH" announces itself as an Erich von Stroheim production from a story by Erich von Stroheim—with Erich von Stroheim. There follows a dedication (by Erich von Stroheim) to the Great Heart of Humanity. Or something. Hard on the heels of all this comes the intelligence that this stupendous work is "in its entirety an Erich von Stroheim creation."

Erich von Stroheim can have it. For all its bumptious ballyhoo, "The Wedding March" gets nowhere, save in a few typically lavish von Stroheim scenes, one or two of them in color. The rest of it is dull, morbid, silly and disgusting, by turns. Von Stroheim, in the rôle of director, has seemingly started out to present von Stroheim, the actor, as a ruthless Teuton of old—"The Man You Love to Hate," and that sort of thing—but the assignment proves distasteful to the Thespian in him, which decided he ought to be a "sympathetic" for a change. The result is as if Mary Pickford were to cast herself as Czar Ivan the Terrible.

How the man who made "The Merry Widow," "Greed" and most of "Merry-Go-Round" can have slipped so utterly is a tough one to figure. The only explanation would seem to lie in an excess of that egotism which, we are reliably informed, goes hand in hand with genius.

"Moran of the Marines"

THE MOST interesting thing about "Moran of the Marines" is not Richard Dix, the star, or the scenario or the titles. It's Ruth Elder. For the most part, "Moran of the Marines" is a picture much similar to all the others Mr. Dix has been furnished since he got his name in lights; rescues, fights, love and wisecracks—sometimes good, sometimes not. But Ruth Elder is something else again. This unusual young woman doesn't screen any too well, but she puts into her acting some of the inflexible quality that got her financed and launched on a trans-atlantic flight.

PHYLLIS HAVER

Personable gold-digger in "The Battle of the Sexes"

Coupled with her undeniable allure, the result is distinctly satisfying. Perhaps when her news value wears off Miss Elder will find rougher going in Hollywood, but our guess is that if she keeps on as well as she has begun, she can write her own ticket.

"Excess Baggage"

A young screen actor named William Haines plays in "Excess Baggage" the part of a small-time juggler and wire-walker who so depends on the presence of his adored wife in the act that he is helpless without her. When, with his agonized consent, she leaves him to accept a flattering movie offer he is pitiful in his loneliness and inadequacy.

This character is a most sympathetic one and calls for portrayal by a skilled performer. Is the hero of "West Point," "Brown of Harvard" and "The Smart Set" up to it? He is. You'll forget all about those unfortunate dramas when you see William Haines play Eddie Kane in "Excess Baggage." He is ably seconded by Josephine Dunn, whose cameo features may also be seen at present, opposite Al Jolson, over at the Winter Garden. Between them, Miss Dunn and Mr. Haines put on some very touching love scenes and no little expert dramatic interplay.

Merger

Maybe you've heard the one about the banker who told the silk merchant that his loan was called.

"Have you," asked the merchant slowly, "ever been in the silk business?"

"No," said the banker.

"Well," replied the silk merchant, "you are now."

It was something of this sort that happened to young Mr. Joseph Kennedy, the Boston financier who has been juggling giant cinema concerns of late with the ease of a Childs flapjack tosser. Since his entry into the celluloid racket, Mr. Kennedy has achieved at least three important amalgamations, including those of Pathé and F. B. O. with the Keith-Albee-Orpheum circuit.

Now what has he done but merge *all* these promising enterprises with the Radio Corporation of America, which thus becomes the undisputed giant of the amusement industry.

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The Personalities Have It

By RAY T. TUCKER

In the beginning the candidates promised: It would be a campaign of issues and the record. But the public rebelled. And in the end the public won. However much the candidates have tried to carry out their promises and discuss great public questions as they saw them, the public has chosen to see the campaign only in terms of Governor Smith and Mr. Hoover. Mr. Tucker, Washington correspondent of the New York "Evening Post," sums up their performances in this article

"WE SHALL discuss the record and the issues," declared Governor Alfred E. Smith. "The campaign will be fought on the issues rather than personalities, and this is as it should be," agreed Herbert Hoover.

But "we, the people," decreed otherwise. With the forthrightness of those who must pay for the National show, the voters ordained that it should be a campaign of personalities, and such it has been. Not in many years has the country shown such a skeptical attitude toward the two major parties, and such genuine interest in their standard bearers. Party lines are vanishing; ancient totem poles and traditions are tossed into political fires fed by flames of passion and prejudice. Almost in so many words the public warned the soon-to-be-homeless Governor and jobless ex-Secretary of Commerce that their residence and occupation after March 4 next might depend on the impression each made on the Nation during the latter weeks of the campaign.

In accepting this challenge each nominee exemplifies his faith in the efficacy of two totally different kinds of political warfare. Though many deprecate Smith's strategy in sending light horse against a Republican Gibraltar, or grow impatient at Hoover's lack of fighting spirit, the situation seems to call for these diverse tactics. Before Smith can hope to storm Republican ramparts, he must unite and vitalize the indomitable individualists who compose the Democratic Party, whereas Hoover's forces, besides outnumbering the gay and gallant Governor's, submit to discipline as unquestioningly as did the Kaiser's own goose-steppers. Single-handedly, Smith must convince his party that, if they will only cease firing at one another, he has a chance to carry the day; whereas Hoover has but to induce a somewhat sullen army swollen by success to fight as wholeheartedly for him as if he had risen from the ranks to his present command. These practical, political considerations, almost as much as the contrast in the leaders' training and temperament, furnish the key to the kind of campaign each has waged for possession of the White House.

It is true that Hoover's campaign lacks drama, but it possesses a certain naïveté and simplicity which, though it may pain the professional politicians now, will send them to the "help wanted" ads if it proves successful. For not since George Washington was elected by acclamation has a candidate rested content with so few speeches. Not since Taft permitted Roosevelt to catapult him into the White House has a candidate depended so utterly on the record of the man he hopes to succeed. Not since Coolidge disdainfully declined to recognize the existence of his eminent opponent in 1924 has a candidate shown such indifference to his rival. Never was there such a safe and sane campaign or such assurance of victory.

CAMPAIGN BY RADIO

This attitude, in part at least, explains why Hoover's campaign is utterly unlike any known to present-day observers. By comparison, Coolidge's bid for votes in 1924 was a three-ring circus, for the austere Vermonter hammered a few tenpenny nails into the family shed at Plymouth, flourished a sap bucket in company with Henry Ford and Thomas A. Edison and pulled a pair of jumpers over his boiled shirt while he pitched a few wisps of hay. Such concessions to the lower strata of voters impress Hoover as blandishments beneath the dignity of a candidate for the Presidency. From the beginning he has banned the ballyhoo, including back-slapping, baby-kissing and heroic poses before the camera, and he has not lifted the ban. Photographers shake their heads sadly at his refusal to respond to their brilliant suggestions. Correspondents find him even less fruitful. He furnishes no human interest stories; in fact, he would prefer that they park their imaginations outside when they visit his headquarters.

He sees them only twice a week for perhaps ten or fifteen minutes each time, and with as much formality as attends the bi-weekly conferences with the President. He eschews free and easy nature, but also because he fears that too full and frequent discussion of himself and his candidacy might lead to one of those untoward incidents that has proved so embarrassing to Governor Smith—publication of the latter's reported remark that he would welcome the brass rail's return. Mr. Hoover may never be quoted except by specific permission, and this is forthcoming only when he discusses questions which do not concern the campaign, such as the recent transcontinental air race and former colleague Kellogg's peace pact.

Mr. Hoover will engage in no controversies with Governor Smith, no doubt because of warnings that to do so would be dangerous, and he will not discuss his views on political issues except in the few formal speeches to which he has committed his candidacy. Even in the face of Senator Bruce's

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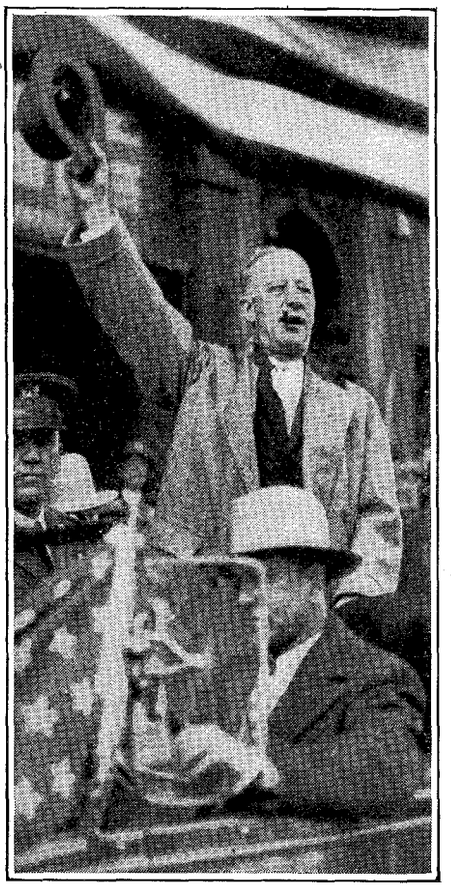
charge of hypocrisy on prohibition and Governor Smith's assertion that the Republican National Committee was sponsoring the "whispering campaign," Mr. Hoover held his tongue. These thrusts struck sparks and ink and indignation from such minor figures as Mr. Work and Senator Moses, but not from the man assailed.

His routine at Washington headquarters is that of a business man rather than a candidate. Political callers confer with him every day on a time-clock schedule in a remote upstairs room, but there are no pilgrimages to his front porch. Nor has he hung from a window with his face frozen in a two-hour smile while movie stars, baseball players, traveling salesmen and even more picturesque delegations, including a sprinkling of registered voters, predicted in song and story that their particular and profitable racket would go to the bowwows if he were not elected.

On the stump the indirect and impersonal nature of the Republican nominee's campaign is accentuated by his natural shyness, his dislike of crowds and his distaste for a parade of the emotions; he becomes an even deeper and stiller reservoir of reserve and reticence. It is probable that this consideration influenced his decision to eliminate the usual swing around the circle, and to confine his expeditions to a few short sallies out of Washington. Certain it is that he is making no attempt to see and be seen by "the greatest number" that bulk so large in some of his economic theories.

It is obvious that Mr. Hoover derives no enjoyment from the campaign, which he refuses to regard as a passage at arms. In fact, his attitude toward his candidacy embodies a refreshing and idealistic thought. He does not profess to be a warrior defending Republican jobs and principles against the chosen champion of an embittered and embattled foe. He conceives himself to be engaged in a cold and scientific presentation of his philosophy of society and government, and in the submission of his views on current questions affecting those two larger issues. Not once has he directly mentioned Governor Smith; not once has he treated a controversial subject in a manner sufficiently challenging to place him within reach of his rival. He is, in short, the Quaker in politics—non-militant and non-political.

It is ironic that Hoover's opponent should be Al Smith. For against the reticent and retiring Quaker is pitted one whose whole life has been a joyous, Darwinian struggle, whose proudest and most appropriate soubriquet is that of "Happy Warrior," whose lust for the hurly-burly of the political arena has not grown stale from participation in nineteen engagements. Moreover, the Democratic nominee derives a bad boy's fun as well as a pugilist's fierce pleasure from a rough-and-tumble fight. From preparing the most audacious address the American people has ever heard in a Presidential contest he turns to relieve his pent-up feelings by dancing a few steps of a breakdown, swapping wisecracks with his associates and reminiscing in a humorous vein. With him there is no such thing as restraint, either on or off the platform; the flow of his many-sided personality is never dammed. Though his present venture is the proudest and most serious of his life, no burden of solemnity crushes him. As he crosses the country on his



THE BROWN DERBY IN ACTION

great adventure, he tests contemplated jibes at his opponents on those around him, jests with representatives of Republican journals about their difficulty in "playing down" the crowds which greet him along the route and suggests mock "leads" for both friendly and inimical writers. He is, without a doubt, the playboy of American politics and one of the most skillful political foemen in public life.

Not since Roosevelt has such an idol come to popular judgment, and his recent swing around the Western circuit seems to have demonstrated that his personality is as radiant and compelling among the people of the wide-open, Republican spaces as among the cliff dwellers of his own Manhattan. Even before this first national campaign trip he had proved that his was neither a local spirit nor a provincial figure. Democratic bigwigs, haughty and hostile, journeyed from South and West to Albany, and soon succumbed to his spell; he can now boast such supporters as irascible Carter Glass of Virginia, dour Jim Reed of Missouri and grim Tom Walsh of Montana.

Friend and foe admit that the reaction to the man has been amazing. Newspaper circulation figures and graphs of radio sales charts since he took to the stump reflect it. The people may not vote for him in sufficient numbers to elect him but they are interested in him. Win or lose in November, Hoover's opponent stalks across the horizon as Democracy's greatest figure since Woodrow Wilson; like the Princeton professor, too, Smith has instilled some dread into Republican hearts and awakened America from the lethargy that always accompanies the disappearance of picturesque and courageous leaders from the public stage.

Many times he has testified to the debt he owes the people; they have been the architect of his success; their allegiance has given him his present opportunity. He has no fear of them, he knows them, he trusts them. Therefore he can be at ease with them, whether swinging his brown derby in a gesture of benediction from a rear platform or taking them into his confidence from the rostrum. His radiant smile and pantomimic handshake are sufficient to send a metropolitan crowd into cheers and tears. And yet he escapes the charge of demagoguery, as testimonials from the most eminent members of New York Republican councils reveal. In fact, several of his western audiences, notably those at Denver and Helena, were disappointed because he abandoned his mannerisms and witticisms to deliver speeches on water power and corruption that bristled with denunciations of some who, in his opinion, seek to absolve the Republican Party of certain portions of its recent

(*Please Turn to Page 1141*)

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The Theatre

By FRANCIS R. BELLAMY

PEOPLE who associate the name of Machiavelli, the Italian statesman, with dark, sinister designs and "that fine Italian hand" will probably be disappointed by Henry Hull's interpretation of the character in Lemist Esler's new play, "The Grey Fox."

Because here is an idealistic young man betrayed in youth on his first mission, by the woman he loves, and ever thereafter a cynical, hardened diplomat, unable to believe in humanity and yet touched with anguish because of it. There is present none of the fine, subtle, cynical deceit which George Arliss might lend to such an impersonation. It is, rather, a simple story, dramatically convincing, set amidst the gorgeous, colorful scenes of medieval Italy in the time of the Renaissance, and possessing an increasing dramatic power that holds well until the end. But of the superman of deceit, there is no sign.

It is true, nevertheless, that both Mr. Esler's characterization and Mr. Hull's playing of the part are much nearer the actual truth about Machiavelli himself than is the conventional conception. Even Henry Hull's appearance, while dramatically disappointing, is very close to the best description now extant of Machiavelli: the slender figure of medium height, the dark hair, the slightly aquiline nose, and "the impression of a very acute observer and thinker, but not that of one able to wield much influence over others."

THIS IS Henry Hull's interpretation of the character. He has stuck closer to the truth than to dramatic effect. Because it cannot be denied that the Machiavelli who appears at the Playhouse these evenings is not a commanding figure, nor one invested with traditional mystery. The best that can be said of him is that he is credible, at times touching, at times very powerful, but never genuinely satisfying to the imagination.

For he has as a background the magnificent color of medieval Italy, its bravos, murderers, courtesans, its torchlight flares, castles and dungeons, and the brilliant figures of Cesare Borgia and Caterina Sforza—this last of course merely a dramatic character, not a historical personage, but nevertheless a most effective and seductive titian-haired princess played by Chrystal Herne.

Staged as the play is at The Playhouse, it would require much more than Hull's Machiavelli to dominate these dramatic scenes. The background seems to call for such lusty butchers as Borgia, such scoundrels as Francesco Vettori. Amid them the Machiavelli of Henry Hull is an idealistic poet suffering from his environment, forced by circumstances to assume a cynicism alien to his nature. Despite the constant watchfulness of his murderous bodyguard, one is inclined to wonder how he survives among these bravos and prostitutes. He is almost overwhelmed by his surroundings.

AND YET the effect of the whole play is distinctly good. A vanished century, a past civilization, with all its variety and crudity of emotion and deed, becomes very real once more; done in a series of stage pictures which Rembrandt could have painted and been proud of. The only drawback is that as a piece of character drawing Michiavelli himself is not good enough, notwithstanding the undoubted adherence to the fragments of truth about him which still survive.

So far as the two leading actors are concerned, Chrystal Herne starts out by far the best, but Henry Hull ends with all the honors. Perhaps this is due to the fact that—to our mind, anyway—Chrystal Herne is always at her loveliest and best when she is being bored by a man. At first, she practices seduction and deception upon Michiavelli most excellently; only to become less and less convincing as the play goes on, until finally Henry Hull is the whole show. The trouble is, one cannot help longing for George Arliss and a Machiavelli who probably never was on sea or land, but who would embody craft, cynicism and deception to the utmost.

CERTAINLY to view it one evening, and then see Irene Bordoni in "Paris" the next, is to realize all over again the infinite variety of which the stage is capable. "Paris" is called a musi-comedy by Martin Brown, played by Irene Bordoni, Arthur Margetson and Louise Closser Hale. But in fact it is an entertainment which refuses to be labeled. By turns it is farce comedy comic opera, vaudeville and night club specialties. One follows another without the slightest warning, until at times the whole show stops while Irene Bordoni sings songs and the members of the jazz band do original breakdowns; whereupon the comedy resumes its way once more, and French farce holds the stage as if none of these things had ever happened.

Oddly enough, however, it is distinctly a good show, written with some brilliancy and dash, and sparkling with much originality.

Since Irene Bordoni is cast as a musical comedy star, it is possible to introduce all sorts of things into her part. And since the scene of the farce is a Parisian apartment, one is inclined to admit that almost anything can happen. What does happen won't be revealed here, beyond the statement that an eminently correct Bostonian falls in love with Irene, only to encounter his eminently correct mother's disapproval—with the result that Irene's leading man is delegated to loosen some of mother's Puritanical bonds. Mother becomes by far the gayest night club habitué of all; and produces so Rabelaisian an atmosphere in the apartment that all of the Puritan in the son reasserts itself, until at last he views his own mother with such apprehension that he is forced to break his own engagement to Irene and marry a safe and sane Boston girl whose skirts are never far from her ankles.

It isn't necessary to point out the opportunities for farcical humor which such a plot affords. And we are glad to report that they are taken advantage of in invariably good taste. Which is much more than could have been expected, under the circumstances, of some producers, given the same plot with its obvious opportunities for humor of the broader sort so familiar to certain stages along Broadway.

Of course, there isn't a single romantic picture in "Paris," nor is there any attempt at the imaginative illusion of Machiavelli. But Irene Bordoni has a touch of genius in her ability to be naughty without being unattractive, and Arthur Margetson is the ideal farce comedy hero.

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Football Nears the Peak

By HERBERT REED
(Right Wing)

FOOTBALL is approaching the peak of polished performance as this issue of Outlook and Independent appears. Through the stretch of hard games this month teams that have so far shown extremely well will be turned over by others whose early season may have left them with a grouch, while others will come through on the crest of a consistent season. Many of the important midseason games will have been put away in the record book by the time these lines appear, but it should be pointed out, as it was at the beginning of the season, that victories from now on will mean not so much superiority of method as superiority of material. For enough of the football year has passed to give one an excellent idea of the general agreement of the coaches on the type of play adopted, or to be adopted later in the month, with the result that the standardization of play, perhaps at one time something of a guess, has now become a certainty.

Nothing that in the strict sense is new has so far appeared, while several old axioms have presumed to live through an early season of all sorts of prophecies, both optimistic and dire. The optimistic prophecy was that the game would be more open and more fascinating than ever, while the dire prophecies were that the rule makers had built up a game that was too much in the air to be fascinating, and that the rules would be an enduring trial to the officials. Looking back over the play from this halfway mark, I am inclined to think that the optimists have it. The game has been better worth looking at and better worth playing than ever before, victories have been more pleasing, while the sting of defeat has not been as deep as in previous years. At the same time there has been a gradual upthrust of those stars of the gridiron which the public so dearly loves. Just a little more about these individuals later. In the meantime, a word about the same old fundamental that has marked American football to date, and in my opinion always will mark it.

That great fundamental is the ability to apply pressure. There were several games on the journey to the halfway mark that emphasized this matter of pressure to a high degree. Chief among these, perhaps, was the contest between Harvard and the Army, in the course of which the West Pointers disposed of the Crimson by the score of 15 to 0. At first blush these Army scores might well have been supposed to be indirectly at least the result of accidents. There were misplays on Harvard's part that undoubtedly led to scores, but it must be remembered that the Harvard people, still a fairly green team, were under the great pressure of aggressive veterans, who were there to force every so-called "break" possible. And these

Underwood
CAGLE OF THE ARMY

"breaks" were forced, first by a line that found almost a match in the comparatively green Harvard wall, second by an aggressive forward pass defense that beat a strong Notre Dame team last season and carried through against the Navy at the close of the season. Ticknor, the Harvard centre, whose leading passes to his backs were faulty, should not be too greatly blamed, since he personally was under the pressure of two guards whose charging was of the terrific variety.

The Army's great ability to apply pressure and the effect of this aggressive attack upon the Harvard team was undoubtedly at the bottom of the decisive defeat which the veterans imposed. It was apparent in the nervousness with which the Crimson threw its forward passes and particularly apparent in the few lateral passes which Harvard attempted, all of which went wrong. The great essential of a good pass is that the man who throws it shall maintain the utmost coolness and be able to time the approach of the ends charging in upon him to the split second. If he hurries, he is lost; if he allows himself to be conscious of the impending attack his pass lacks accuracy and, to save his team from a decisive loss of ground, he often tosses the ball in the grim hope either that one of his own men will be somewhere in the vicinity to pull it down out of thin air, or that the ball will be grounded. Harvard's failure to complete its passes was doubtless due to the fact that the throws were hurried. But it should not be forgotten that the nervousness responsible for this was directly due to the aggressive type of game which the Army was putting up.

The key to victory these days is a properly aligned defense, so elastic that it can stop the running game when that is due, and check the passing game when it is fairly apparent that that is due. It is well to remember that when the soldiers turned to attack, the scoring coming from passing, they had uncovered what was practically a new passing down, the fourth, one that has been debated for these many years by the best of the coaches, but seldom used save by the most daring of elevens. This, really, was the feature of that game.

In the meantime, the pass was used as an effective form of attack pretty well all over the country. Strong running teams can make the proper preparation for it, and go into it on almost any down, once the preparation is made. There are times, of course, when it is quite too sparingly used, as, for instance, when Princeton, with an effective, overhand lateral pass, was fought to a scoreless tie by the University of Virginia. Witnessing that game, one watched and waited for the springing of the passing game, including the lateral, that one knew quite well Princeton had at command all the time. The following week all that was changed, for the Tigers, with a rearranged line-up, opened up against weaker opposition, to be sure, but opened up just the same. In the West the passing was of the improved and

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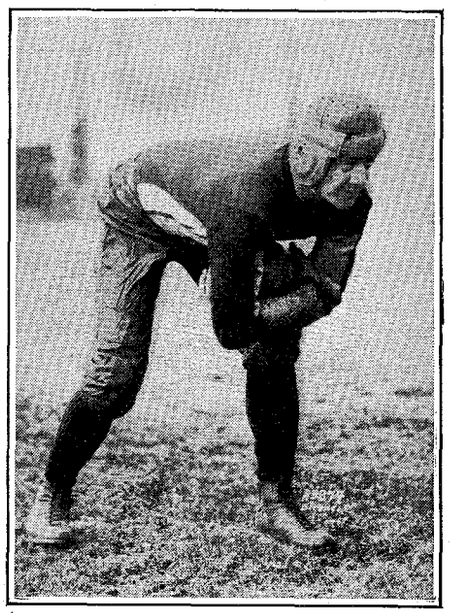
chance-taking variety as every observer had expected it to be, but one of the real jokes of the season, and not without its bearing on pressure, was the liberal use of the lateral and other passes, but especially the lateral, by Fordham in the course of its astonishing victory over Cleo O'Donnell's team, Holy Cross. Frank Cavanaugh, the Fordham coach, the brave and very much shot-up major of artillery in the course of the war, has been a consistent opponent of all passes, and especially the lateral, off the field, and in recent years, on the field. This time he seems to have been converted. The victory over Holy Cross, so dear to the hearts of the Fordham people, should tend to make the conversion permanent. And Cavanaugh can teach a type of game he dislikes quite as well as one that he does like. So one of the last and the staunchest of rebels is at last in line.

The hard charging of a fine line, the slashing use of the shock attack—both serve as pressure points in football, but the use of all sorts of passing, combined with kicking, are also very much matters of pressure—this time, of course, of mental pressure. The old game was very much a matter of physical pressure, the modern type of play a fine combination of the two.

It is worth while, I think, in passing, to explain to followers of the game who are dependent upon newspaper and radio reports, good as those are, something more about the comparatively new lateral pass. One would be first inclined to think that these passes were a mere toss, probably underhand—indeed, the typical Rugby type of pass. The word "Rugby," however, does not apply to the use of the pass today. It was put on in the old way when Yale was playing under the tutelage of Hinkey, it was put on in the old way at that same period by Harvard, Yale and others. It was even executed that way by Joe Piepal, of Occidental College, and probably the steadiest exponent and proponent of the lateral pass in the country. Today the pass is made from overhead, in the fulfilment of a double threat, that of a run and that of a deep forward pass.

The passes that Cagle of the Army used against Harvard might easily have been turned into lateral passes. They threatened that outcome. But they turned into the best forward passing of the year up to that point. The defense never knew quite what to do with Cagle. Of course, Cagle is one of the country's great specialists with any kind of a pass, but it was a pleasure to study the plays that had been built around him, with the possibility of an overhead lateral pass always in the offing.

In the Middle West another old master of the pressure game of football, Bob Zuppke of Illinois, was again very much in evidence. Unless by this writing Zuppke has lost one of his conference battles, he looks to have in the making another all-round team, one that is equipped with the same old double type of pressure. This time, however, the situation is a little different from what it was a year ago, when Zuppke boasted with justified pride that he had no stars on his team



Acme

HUMBERT OF ILLINOIS

at all. This year he *has* a star, young Mr. Humbert, who appears in the line-up as a fullback, but who may appear at almost any effective spot in the Illinois formations. Illinois has several more hurdles to take, to be sure, but win or lose, he will have developed one of his best elevens in many years, equipped with every offensive and denfensive device to be found in the kitbag of football.

Such devices will also be found at the command of Stanford and California, Washington, on the far West Coast, and Dartmouth and Yale, Harvard and Princeton in the East. It does not follow that because Harvard could not make its open game go against West Point that game is not present. Minnesota appears to be another team that will be able to put on an all-round game. Notre Dame and the Navy have not lived up to the hopes of their supporters, but it is worth while taking one's hat off to Knute Rockne, since he said from the very first that he did not have the old-time material at command, and it is apparent that he was telling the truth. On the few first-class South Bend backs, notably Niemic and Chevigny, there is a heavy burden, with apparently not much better than an average, well-coached eleven in support of these two stars—and stars they are without a doubt. But Notre Dame can go on taking a beating every time it strikes a better team, without losing a bit of its old time prestige. The game is too deeply grounded at that institution, and if the Army comes up not too badly battered when it meets Notre Dame in New York on November 10, there will be the same tremendous crowd on hand that is always in evidence. That is intercollegiate relations as they should be.

Columbia was unfortunate in its early season clash with Dartmouth that seems to have the possibilities of being one of the most formidable elevens in the East—for the same old pressure aforementioned, drove Columbia to fatal errors. But the Lions under Charlie Crowley ought to be in shape for one of its best battles by the time Thanksgiving rolls around. And they will need to be in shape, for there is evidence of a strong eleven in process of preparation at Syracuse.

So far the old favorites, Cagle of the Army, Murrell of the same institution, French of Harvard, Norman, Miles and others of Princeton, Garvey of Yale, Black of Dartmouth, with Marsters to shine when he is again in condition, Paul Scull of Pennsylvania, and several others, have stood up to their reputations of a year ago, but there will be the usual crop of new stars this season. Among them will be Liflander of Columbia. But perhaps the brightest prospect just now is Humbert, the big fullback of Illinois. Humbert is another of these men who "has everything." He is not only the famous "triple threat" but also a running threat that alone would be able to make almost any eleven. Decker of Yale, the two Cornsweets of Brown, Lloyd and Spring of the Navy, and Chevigny of Notre Dame, are yet, I think, to come up to their best. Lassman of New York University has plenty left of a bright season ahead of him, and there are other men on that team of Chick Meehan's still to be heard from. It is in November that the real stars are made and there is still plenty of time for new ones.

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Mr. Stokowski Returns

By EUGENE BONNER

THERE were unmistakable signs of a more than usual activity in the immediate environs of Carnegie Hall a few evenings ago; a milling crowd, a large number of which was destined to be disappointed, waited more or less patiently for the opening of the doors, hoping for the best. An unusually truculent policeman without a "please" in his vocabulary was ordering about the patrons (or would-be patrons) of this particular event as if they were guilty of some dreadful misdemeanor in endeavoring to get within the sacred precincts of the concert-hall.

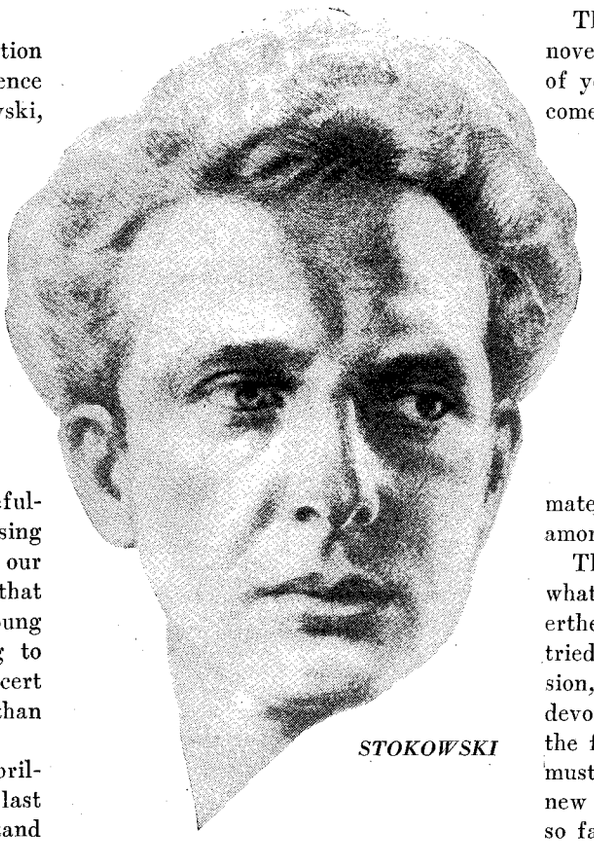
The occasion for all this commotion was the return after a year's absence of the unique Mr. Leopold Stokowski, *chef d'orchestre* of the Philadelphia Orchestra. Soon as the familiar, svelte figure and golden head made their appearance, an avalanche of applause broke loose and kept up for several minutes during which Mr. Stokowski made several well-meant but quite futile attempts to get down to the business in hand.

Perhaps it was the general enthusiasm manifested on this occasion, or perhaps it was gratefulness to Providence for finally releasing us a couple of hours before from our voluntary imprisonment on a ship that had skipped and bounded like a young ram all the way from Cherbourg to Nantucket, that made this first concert of the Philadelphians seem more than usually splendid.

Some there were that said this brilliant conductor had conducted his last concert and that the conductor's stand would see him no more while others there were who hinted pessimistically that after more than a year's absence this particular gentleman would not be able to weave again the magic spell that had bound his listeners of yore. All of which trash was swept into the ash can with the first wave of the Stokowski bâton.

There is a glamour about this young conductor which is all the more extraordinary when it is taken into consideration that his position as one of the world's greatest conductors and his tremendous vogue here in this country are not, as is usually the case, founded on a foreign reputation. A native product, he has steadily grown in musical grace, aided, abetted and encouraged by his fellow countrymen.

Stokowski along with Toscanini has that power of holding his orchestra so absolutely in control that it seems to become physically a part of him to the extent that one in a way forgets that it is an organization composed of many individuals to whom we are listening, and not as it would seem to be, the expression of one man alone, and that man Leopold Stokowski.



STOKOWSKI

The program offered to us on this occasion was guaranteed to suit any variety of tastes. The classic, the romantic and the modern schools were all represented and gave the followers of each camp full and sufficient opportunity to manifest their satisfaction which they proceeded to do in no uncertain fashion.

The opening number, an orchestral transcription of the Bach Choral Prelude "Wir glauben all' an einen Gott," was superbly done and gave Mr. Stokowski a chance right at the start to work up to one of his tremendous climaxes. These particular transcriptions are now becoming deservedly famous and are in no small way responsible for the very individual character of so many of this conductor's programs. Has any other conductor attempted them yet?

The Brahms Symphony in F which followed was conducted in such a manner as to make whomever it was that called this instrumentation muddy seem woefully ill-advised, but then, of course, that individual never heard Mr. Stokowski's interpretation of this work, in which matter he was most unfortunate. The first movement was done with a clarity, a simplicity and a sensuous sweep we have yet to hear equaled.

The next item on the program, a novelty, was from one of the group of young Russian composers who have come into notice under the Soviet régime, Lyof Knipper, a nephew of that famous actress of the Moscow Art Theatre, Olga Knipper-Tchekova, well-known to New York patrons of the spoken drama.

Mr. Knipper, who is about thirty years old, while entirely cognizant of the modern idiom as is evinced by his brilliant orchestration and expert handling of his thematic and harmonic material, cannot in any way be classed among the ultra-modernists.

This composer, while in no way what could be termed reactionary, nevertheless manages to make use of many tried and true forms of musical expression, for which let us one and all be devoutly thankful, as, notwithstanding the fact that music, like any other art, must go forward and explore entirely new fields, none of the new forms has so far succeeded in finding any permanent degree of favor with critics, public or other creative musicians.

Mr. Knipper's "Legend of a Plaster God" is a dance suite for full orchestra and is intended for performance with the accompanying stage representation, without which it is only mildly interesting. The introduction, however, is very delightful and so is the dance movement which follows, but after a time one became conscious of a certain monotony which would have in all probability been entirely lacking had the work been given with the ballet.

The program concluded with a glorious reading of the Overture and Venusberg Music from the Paris version of Tannhäuser.

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Speaking of Books

Edited by FRANCES LAMONT ROBBINS

A Trivial Novel and a Bad Biography

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead & Co.
Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano's.

IT IS not surprising to find another of E. Barrington's historical stories appearing among the books most in demand by readers, but it is a pity that Victor Thaddeus, whose calibre was disclosed by his "Julius Caesar," should receive the encouragement of popularity.

E. Barrington is the lady's historian. She paints her characters and her scenes in old rose and Alice blue. Here she has selected the old story of the queen's necklace and rewritten it, using only actual characters and permitting her imagination to work simply upon the interpretations of those characters. The truth about Marie Antoinette, Fersen, the Cardinal de Rohan, Jeanne Valois and the necklace that was made for Du Barry will never be known. It remains one of the many tempting mysteries of history and any one romantically inclined may supply his own solution to it. E. Barrington's is entirely to the advantage of the queen, and is as good as any. De Rohan, a mischievous schemer by all accounts, she makes merely a vain, ambitious dupe. Marie Antoinette, as tragic a figure of human frailty, blindness and high courage in the face of disaster as history holds, becomes a Watteau shepherdess, most sweet, most meek and most maligned. The whole book is labored, heavy with historical allusion ineptly used. Much space is given to such details of dress, decoration and boudoir chatter as are supposed to delight the feminine mind. In some of her previous romantizations of historical characters, E. Barrington has achieved real dramatic effect. Here the sugar-coating to too thick. The strong, bitter heart of truth is lost.

But if Marie Antoinette need only smile and shake her head at E. Barrington, as at an uncomprehending admirer, Voltaire, if it were worth the trouble, might well rise and slay Victor Thaddeus with a word. From all such maladroit biographers, good Lord deliver us. Voltaire was the defender of mankind against an ecclesiastical hierarchy and a monarchy grown rotten and swollen with age and bound to fall. Mr. Thaddeus makes that plain. But he does not seem to know anything about the invaluable part played in the development of civilization by those two powers. He thinks to exalt Voltaire and Frederick the Great by setting them against a background where they alone are not knaves or fools. He writes in ignorance of his period, in despite of sources. Such material as he uses is obvious and common property. The vulgarity of his style is worthy of the cheapest of "de-bunking" specialists. His translations, even, are at times incorrect. The only things in the book that are worth anything are the illustrations and the quotations.

The Most Discussed Books

THIS list is compiled from the lists of the ten best-selling volumes sent us by wire by the following book-shops each week:

New York—Brentano's;
Rochester—Scrantoms Inc.;
Cleveland—Korner & Wood;
St. Louis—Scruggs, Vandevoort, & Barney;
Denver—Kendrick Bellamy Company;
Houston—Teolin Pillot Company;
San Francisco—Paul Elder & Co.;
Baltimore—Norman, Remington Company;
Kansas City—Emery Bird Thayer;
Atlanta—Miller's Book Store;
Los Angeles—Bullock's;
Chicago—Marshall Field & Co.;
Cincinnati—Stewart Kidd
Portland, Oregon—J. K. Gill Company

Fiction

The Strange Case of Miss Annie Spragg, by Louis Bromfield: Stokes. The stories, some curious and some sad, but all interesting, of an odd assortment of people. Reviewed Oct. 10.

Old Pybus, by Warwick Deeping: Alfred A. Knopf. This amiable if mechanical story of an old man, his sons and his grandson, will please admirers of Deeping's novels. Reviewed Oct. 10.

All Kneeling, by Anne Parrish: Harper's. This amusing story of a sweet trouble maker will please those who like their irony very light. Reviewed September 19.

The Empress of Hearts, by E. Barrington: Dodd, Mead. Reviewed in this issue.

The Children, by Edith Wharton: Appleton. This excellent novel about the sad fate of the children of the easily and often divorced is one of Mrs. Wharton's best. Reviewed Sept. 26.

Non-Fiction

Goethe, by Emil Ludwig: Putnam. This fine biography adds greatly to the validity of the Ludwig vogue. Reviewed October 3.

The Buck in the Snow, by Edna St. Vincent Millay: Harper's. The latest work of our most popular poetess will delight most readers although it may disappoint the more critical among Miss Millay's admirers. Reviewed Oct. 31.

Abraham Lincoln 1809-1858, by Albert J. Beveridge: Houghton, Mifflin, 2 vols. Although by no means as fine as Beveridge's "Marshall," this is an important book. Reviewed October 3.

Voltaire, by Victor Thaddeus: Brentano's. Reviewed in this issue.

Disraeli, by Andre Maurois, translated by Hamish Miles; Appleton. You will enjoy this charming and vivid portrait. Reviewed Feb. 22.

Three Recent Novels

By MARY SHIRLEY

Her Knight Comes Riding, by **John V. A. Weaver:** Alfred A. Knopf.
The Coming of the Lord, by **Sara G. Millin:** Horace Liveright.
The Bishop's Wife, by **Robert Nathan:** Bobbs-Merrill.

"HER Knight Comes Riding," by John V. A. Weaver, is a simple, touching story of a little Brooklyn "steno," told in the American language which Mr. Weaver has hitherto used so effectively in his poetry. This unpretentious account of a middle-class girl's aspirations and day-dreams, her great romance with a marine who was not the "marryin' kind," her despair and dalliance with temptation personified by the attractive, kindly man-of-the-world who employs her, is all stuff of every day, but it is surprisingly moving, not least so in the end when Fanny has already been the contented wife of the prosaic, prosperous Ralph for six years. Unexpected, her gorgeous George comes back. But there are no thrills for either of them. No sighs for what "might have been." Fanny finds George rather shop-worn and cheap. He finds her "settled." "Alas for maiden, alas for Judge"—but unlike Maud Muller and her rich repiner both are glad to continue on their separate paths of complacent housewife and second-rate soldier of fortune. To this reviewer it seems unfortunate that the author has seen fit to introduce at various times upon slight pretext, a suggestion of the Freudian father complex. Apart from the fact that these murky notions are already a little stale, they seem to disturb the artistic values of an unassuming chronicle of plain folk, told in the main with directness, clarity and considerable charm.

If Sara Millin could not surpass the irony of "An Artist in the Family" or the anguish of personal tragedy in "God's Stepchildren," she has attained a sort of impersonal grandeur in her new novel, "The Coming of the Lord." Familiar as we have become with the sordid manifestations of racial and re-

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ligious antagonism during the postwar decade in America, it has remained for Mrs. Millin to present a similar condition in the complex population of South Africa with her usual vigor, clarity and an almost Olympian justice. This book might easily have become just good reporting, but the author's fine sense of authentic tragedy lifts it beyond immediate and temporary local and political meanings to universal human significance. Like "An Artist in the Family," this novel is a tragedy of futility. There is the not unfamiliar soldier type—basically a splendid type—who has had his crowded hour and has come back from the war to waste his mature manhood fomenting silly ructions between Jews and gentiles, negroes and whites. There is the sensitive Jewish doctor, wasting his love on a married woman as he had wasted his youth on a war he did not believe in, eventually wasting his life for a band of negro fanatics, who are awaiting the second coming of the Lord. The book is masterly, symphonic in structure, recurring in the end to the theme of the first chapter, two old men playing chess, with the difference that now the jealousy motif is omitted for both their sons are now dead, buried with military honors!

And, speaking of Sara Millin, if an artist in the family could cause trouble, what about an angel on the hearth? In his latest novel, "The Bishop's Wife," Robert Nathan gives a modern version of an ancient legend which has persisted through many ages and many religions. The love of the angels for the daughters of men is a theme which has intrigued the imagination of poets since the time of the patriarchs and even the most prosaic among us mortals loves to speculate upon the consequences "if an angel should come down to earth." Those who know the work of Robert Nathan need no assurance that he has found a subject made to his hand. All the fantasy and humor which delighted in "Woodcutters' House" and his earlier novels are found again in "The Bishop's Wife," plus a wise worldliness, which gleams like silver coins falling through depths of green water to divers. In the spirit of delicious mischief, a little sad withal, he satirizes the metropolis where all the people are still pioneers, the great cathedral-in-the-making and its bishop—to whom love is "a simple matter of hygiene"—thundering at divorce. In his "portrait of a cleric" Mr. Nathan is never obvious nor is he at pains to tell us that "no reference is made to any living person." This book is written with such spontaneity and charm that one can only envy the author the fun he must have had in writing it. The next best thing is to read it.

Food for the Religiously Mature

By EDMUND B. CHAFFEE
Director of the Labor Temple

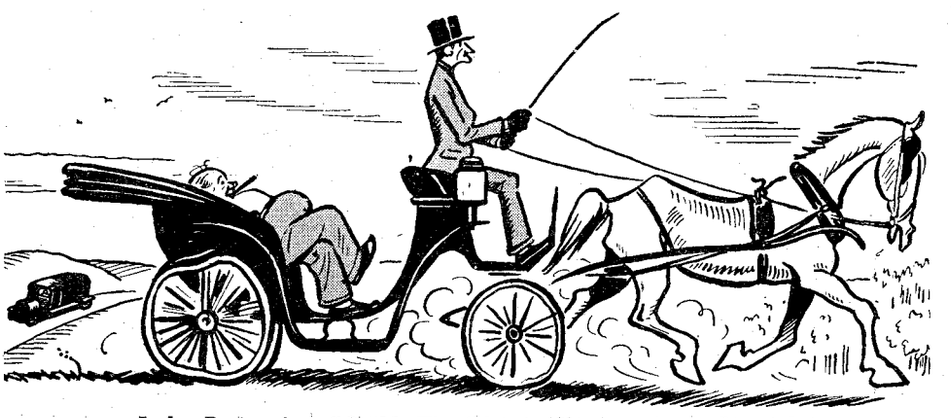
The Back Ground of the Bible, by **Henry Kendall Booth**: Charles Scribner's Sons.
The Impatience of a Layman, by **Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy**: The Century Co.

Among the religious books published this autumn it is gratifying to find so many which contain spiritual food for full-grown men. More than milk is needed and more than milk is being supplied. "The Back Ground of the Bible" by Henry Kendall Booth, pastor of the First Congregational Church of Long Beach, California, lives up to its title. It describes in plain, readable language the lasting results of Biblical scholarship. It tells what these results are, how they were attained and who attained them. The old Bible has gone but the new Bible is better. The author opens up this new Bible so that others besides technical scholars can read it. A brief quotation summarizes his thought: "The Bible is not a book but a library; the product not of one mind and age but of many minds and many ages; the record not of the fixed but of the progressive revelation of God; designed not to teach history or science but morals and religion; whose inspiration is not verbal but personal; and whose authority rests not upon tradition, infallibility, or churchly sanction but upon its own intrinsic value as the supreme religious literature of the world." The evidence for this conclusion is given with such clarity and completeness and withal such fascinating concreteness that it deserves to be placed in the hands of every minister and layman in the country. It would help the cause of religion if it could be.

Another book for the deeply thoughtful religious mind is "The Impatience of a Layman" by Hugh A. Studdert Kennedy, brother of the famous "Woodbine Willy" Studdert Kennedy. It is a book called forth by "The Impatience of a Parson" of a year or two ago. The author believes that we never have understood Jesus. If we did we would stop theorizing about him and practice what He taught. He believes that Jesus' promise that His followers should do greater works than He was not idle words. He believes that Jesus rose completely above evil of every kind and His followers can do the same, that entirely independent of circumstances they may have freedom from sin, sorrows, sickness and death, from everything unlike God. It is an appealing statement of the philosophy which has recently led the Episcopal Church Commission studying the matter to indorse faith healing. Many of us cannot agree with the author's position that evil is no more real than the proposition that two and two make five but few who have painstakingly studied the life of Jesus would deny that he sought to give me na freedom from fear and a courage which could literally overcome the world. The book is a persuasive call to come up to higher levels of spiritual experience. Those who seek those higher levels will do well to ponder the author's message.

No one without a sense of humor should read "The Friend of Jesus" by Ernest Sutherland Bates. For twelve years or more this book sought a publisher before finding one with the hardihood to put it before the public. It is a startling presentation of the gospel drama—that story as seen through the eyes of Judas. The betrayer of the Master is pictured as dwelling with his father in the wilderness and among the Essenes. He is a lover of freedom and a hater of restraint. He seeks out Satan

(*Please Turn to Page 1131*)



Jacket Design from "On My Way," by Art Young. (Horace Liveright)

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Readers and Writers

By ERNEST BOYD

BESIDE the eleven volumes of Paul Elmer More's original series of Shelburne Essays I have placed "The Demon of the Absolute" (Princeton University Press), described as the first volume of "New Shelburne Essays." The previous series was inaugurated in 1904 and was closed in 1921, seventeen years during which much of great interest has occurred in contemporary American literature, but eleven volumes in which little comment thereon will be found. Is it any wonder that, by the literary generation thus honored by Mr. More's indifference, his name has frequently been taken in vain, as a symbol of the dryasdust pedantry against which that period was in protest?

Meanwhile a generation has arisen which is inclined to call his name blessed, apparently in the ecstasies of the discovery that Mr. More, like Mr. Irving Babbitt and Mr. William Crary Brownell, is a gentleman of considerable erudition, who is quite capable of expounding intelligent and civilized ideas. "These excellent gentlemen were effigies," says Mr. Lewis Mumford, "that we dragged mercilessly through the streets, attacked with daggers of revolt, and on occasion made a bonfire of." Mr. Gorham B. Munson suggests that "More is a force that has not been encountered on its own plane, and surely our present milieu suffers in so far as such forces are not permitted open-minded hearing and direct opposition."

Mr. More quotes both these statements in his preface, which is in the nature of a semi-embarrassed and, I suspect, slightly ironical acknowledgment of these doubtless well-meant efforts to rescue him from an obscurity which, when not wholly imaginary, is neither more nor less than that to which all writers of his class have grown accustomed, since megaphones, or æsthetic pea-shooters, have become the only alternative methods of literary exchange.

Mr. Gorham B. Munson has recently published a book entitled "Destinations: A Canvass of American Literature Since 1900," which I had the pleasure of discussing on this page in another place, when I speculated as to what the victim of his enthusiasm would think of such slipshod and unscholarly criticism, even though it did include a eulogy of Paul Elmer More. In his preface Mr. More refers to a chapter about himself "for the most part sufficiently eulogistic to satisfy an author's vanity," and compares his sensations to those of Tom Sawyer "when he heard his virtues proclaimed in his own funeral sermon." Canvassing American literature since 1900, practically the same period as that covered by the "Shelburne Essays," Mr. Munson confines his attention to Paul Elmer More, Irving Babbitt and . . . Kenneth Burke, Hart Crane and Jean Toomer.

MR. MORE must have felt somewhat astonished to find himself in such strange company, and wondered whether he had really lived in vain since Mr. Munson's acquaintance with his work had produced such incongruous critical results. Mr. More, at least, knows the chief figures which must of necessity appear in anything purporting to be a "canvass" of American literature during the past twenty-five years. In the present volume a chapter is devoted to the subject under the title, "Modern Currents in American Literature," in which the author impenitently but interestingly declares and explains his attitude toward those who have "shelved" him.

Of Amy Lowell he says: "Whatever reputation Miss Lowell retains will depend, I am sure, less on her polyphonic prose than on her more regular verse. Here her vein of genuine talent cannot be questioned, and some of her pieces have a beauty of hard incisive imagery of no common order. No one can say what she might have accomplished, had she not been hampered in her gait by a kind of æsthetical scholasticism; I think of her sometimes as a genius hag-ridden by theory." I recommend the expression "æsthetical scholasticism" to the attention of Mr. Munson and those of his friends who combine a taste for arid and incomprehensible pedantry with a sophormic delight in typographical and other eccentricities.

In James Branch Cabell Mr. More sees "a compound of Maurice Hewlett and Anatole France," and he adds that "Jurgen" has "a vein of unfulfilled genius," but believes that its wider reputation depends on its "elusive and cunningly suggestive lubricity." It is surely the Hewlett element in Mr. Cabell which has least literary vitality, and Mr. More might have developed his reference to Anatole France by discussing "The Rivet in Grandfather's Neck" and "The Cream of the Jest," which indicate that a subtle satirist of Southern manners, comparable to the author of "L'Histoire contemporaine," was lost when "Jurgen" was so unnecessarily suppressed.

I note with interest that Mr. More, like myself, is quite sceptical of the claims of Mr. Sinclair Lewis to be considered as a satirist of the Main Street American, on the gorunds that it is impossible to discover in his pages any indication "that the author himself has risen more than an inch above the æsthetic and ethical level of the people he insults." Of "Main Street" itself Mr. More says, while admitting that the title was "a veritable stroke of genius," that it is a "monotonous tale written in a drab and drizzling style." He places Mr. Lewis far below Dreiser, who fares best, on the whole, at the hands of this unsympathetic but impartial critic.

AS MIGHT BE expected, Mr. More's bias is toward his academic colleagues who are not, he claims, receiving their due. Irving Babbitt, F. J. Mather, P. H. Frye, S. B. Gass and Robert Shafer. Save for Mr. Babbitt, whose work has always interested me, I confess that my fairly diligent reading has not yet brought me into contact with the other critics and scholars whom he names. "If these scholars were publishing in any European country they would be widely read and discussed, and would have weight as forming a united phalanx arrayed against the forces of disorganization." Mr. More, it will be noticed, views the literary scene as an arena, with the academic warriors standing as the hosts of righteousness. That is perhaps one of the greatest peculiarities of America, the complete divorce between literature and learning. If ever the twain can meet, Mr. More will be spared many of the phenomena he deplores, and many which are being hatched for the despair of his successors would be still-born instead of just half-baked.

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Speaking of Books

(Continued from Page 1129)

and communes with him. The Evil One tells him the whole story of Jehovah's dealing with the chosen people, tells the story as Satan sees it, of the deceit, the boasting, the weakness of Jehovah. After this experience Judas dwells for a time among the Gentiles. He loses his position and returns to his own land where he meets Jesus. He is attracted by him and becomes a disciple but Jesus seems to change and begins to preach not the doctrine of strength which first attracted Judas but the gospel of weakness. To save Jesus from himself and the world from this perversion of the truth Judas betrays him. This is his apologia: "Men will say that I took my own life because I repented of my deeds but it is not so. For I repent not. . . . I would that every murderer and every traitor had as clear a conscience as mine own: For I loved my Master whom I slew, nor would I have betrayed Him but that I loved even more the truth. And if I betrayed my Master, yet have I never betrayed the truth." This book is clever, some will say diabolically clever. Some will say it is blasphemous. It is if one identifies the God of all the earth with the vindictive Jehovah of early Jewish literature. It is not a book for children or immature minds but the seeker after truth will find some kernels even here and the entertainment is worth the price.

Many Men

By RUSSELL CROUSE

Big Frogs, by **Henry F. Pringle**: Macy-Masius. The Vanguard Press.

Masks in a Pageant, by **William Allen White**. The MacMillan Co.

Strange Bedfellows, by **Silas Bent**. Horace Liveright.

THE political scene is essentially always the same, a murky background before which new characters from time to time appear in spotlight. In these volumes, three authors who differ vastly in technique single out a number of these figures in a worthy, but perhaps futile—American political psychology being what it is—effort to translate public men into human beings.

Henry F. Pringle comes exceedingly close to achieving his purpose for any one who will approach "Big Frogs" with an open mind. Mr. Pringle, in recent years, has brought a new note to biography. It is, under analysis, nothing more than honest reporting. He presents both sides of a character, much as John Galsworthy does in a play, and leaves the final estimate to

HL HL

STRANGE BEDFELLOWS

by SILAS BENT

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common sense. His portrait of Herbert Hoover reveals the man as a political enigma; he attempts no solution. He writes of Jimmy Walker, Senator Robert F. Wagner and Theodore Roosevelt, Jr., with the same clarity and with no concern as to where the chips may fall. The book contains, also, several sketches outside the realm of politics, notably those of Judge Landis and Dr. S. Parkes Cadman. It is, all in all, a splendid piece of work.

William Allen White's contribution, "Masks in a Pageant," is of a different sort altogether. Mr. White has woven his biographical material into a political narrative—a story beginning with the days of Platt and Croker and continuing through to Coolidge. The story of the dark days is, of course, interesting, and Mr. White's brilliance as a writer gives it additional color. His portraits are not, perhaps, so well-rounded with detailed frankness as Mr. Pringle's but they have the glow of forgotten objects re-burnished. The longer they have been forgotten the more fascinating they appear in revival. Mr. White has added to this account his highly controversial essay on Alfred E. Smith. This clarifies to a great extent his estimate of the man—something he did not do in his widely discussed campaign statements—but it by no means satisfies those who declare that he lacks fundamental understanding of the growth and development of the Democratic nominee through the years.

Silas Bent's "Strange Bedfellows" is more than a mere glimpse at pedestaled figures. Mr. Bent attempts not only to sketch the man but, in some cases at least, to explain the environment that has had its part in making him. Again there is a deflection from politics. Mr. Bent's interest in modern journalism manifests itself in several essays and he also turns himself to the economic situation. He is a shrewd and penetrating writer and his book is more than a mere incident in a political campaign.

Unknown Warriors

Hunger Fighters, by **Paul de Kruif**: Harcourt, Brace & Co.

THE MANY readers of "Microbe Hunters" will welcome Paul De Kruif's new book, a book even more interesting than that earlier one.

De Kruif is one of the happiest of the contemporary popularizers of science. In "Hunger Fighters" he has elected to be the historian in brief of the great recent discoveries which have helped to make safe and certain America's food supply, and the biographer of the discoverers. Most of the

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scientists of whom he writes are unknown to the public, many of them have been unrewarded by the country which they served. Even to that of the man who discovered the hog-cholera serum, surely an unromantic exploit, De Kruif makes the stories of his heroes stirring and dramatic. He writes of Carleton, the dreamer from Kansas who traveled the world to find wheat that could weather the blight and the climate of the fierce, bare plains; of Francis, who discovered the source of a mysterious human plague, rabbit fever; of Babcock who found that men suffer from hidden as well as visible hunger and is the father of vitamins. These and many others are the central figures of De Kruif's stories, men who made corn and wheat grow surely where its growth had been precarious, men who saved our "meat on four-legs," men who learned to trap sunlight and put it into food.

There is something deeply inspirational about the lives and achievements of these men who have thought so little of fame and so much of bettering the lot of mankind. Professional etiquette has often dictated that they clothe their accomplishments in obscurity. It is fortunate that Dr. De Kruif has brought to the attention of the world some of its greatest benefactors.

De Kruif's primary intention has been to make science interesting to a popular audience. To that purpose, his style is probably well adapted. It is violent, explosive and colloquial, a sort of combination of Emil Ludwig and Sinclair Lewis. His secondary, and reading in surprise and shame of the treatment his heroes have received, one feels his most worthy, purpose has been to give to the men of whose work he writes some public recognition. In both endeavors he succeeds. It is to be hoped that "Hunger Fighters" will be as widely read as "Microbe Hunters." In these days, sick unto death of the noise and speed which often seem to be the only contributions of science to our contemporary world, some of us forget that scientists are not only inventors of loud-speakers and perfectors of flying machines. Those, most conspicuous, may work to destroy our nerves. There are these, more obscure, who work to safeguard and perfect our bodies. And their work is surely comparable to that of the poets and artists who labor to uplift our souls.

The concluding article in the series, "The Red Thread in the Mexican Maze," originally announced for this issue, will appear on November 14.

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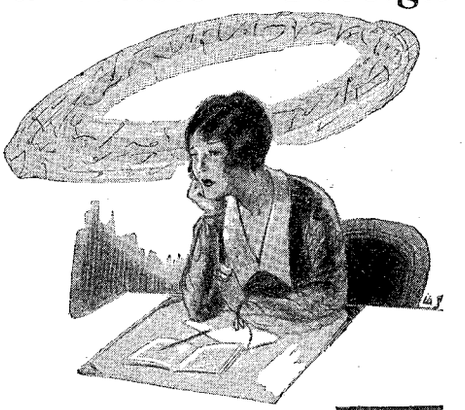

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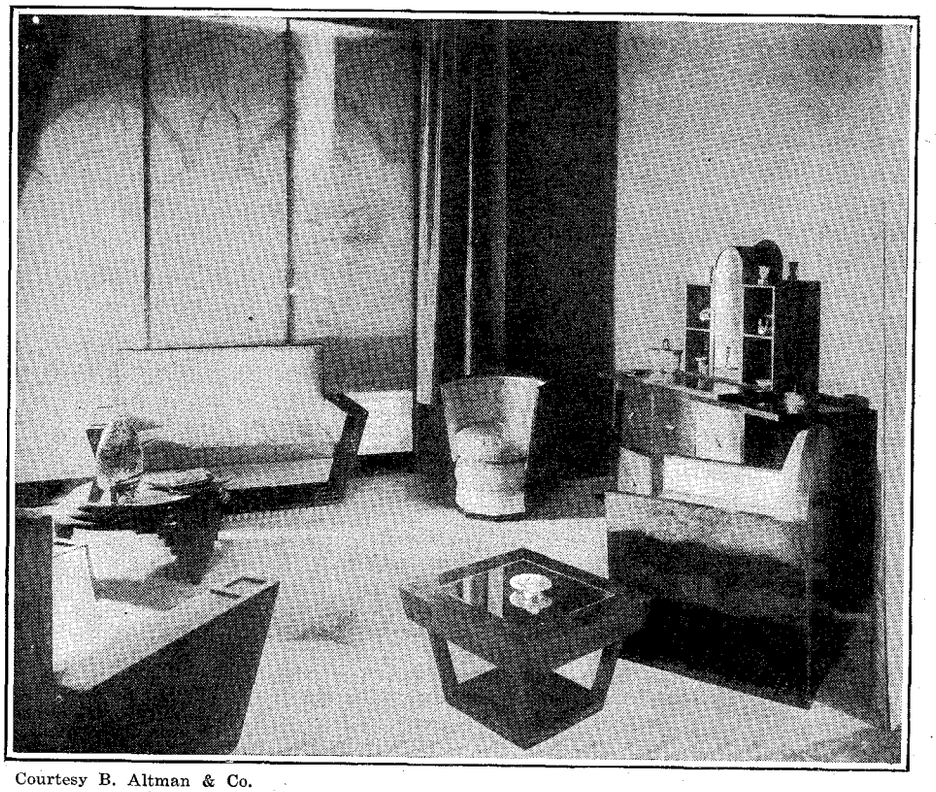
Ivory, Apes and Peacocks

By W. R. BROOKS

ANOTHER modern room we offer you in our illustration this week—one that we saw at the Exhibition of Twentieth Century Taste at Altman's. This is a conversation room by an American, Steele Savage. Very crisp and staccato and sophisticated the conversation would have to be, we feel sure, to match its setting, yet not unintelligent, and certainly not stuffy. But can you imagine discussing in it Cousin Beulah's last operation, or Kiwanis Club matters? We can't.



Courtesy B. Altman & Co.

CONVERSATION ROOM

By Steele Savage

If that first wild leap from bed these chill mornings to pull down the window wrings from you screams of protest and crinkles your periphery into gooseflesh, you ought to be interested in an automatic bedroom window closer which we have heard about. It's a little jigger with a clock inside it that is screwed on to the sill, with an arm that goes up and is fastened to the sash. It's very small and unobtrusive, only 4½ inches long by 4 inches high, looking affair, and snow and ice do not impair its efficiency. You set the clock for the time you want the window to close and go to bed, happy in the certainty that you can get up in a warm room, and still have fresh air all night. It permits the window to be raised six, ten or fourteen inches.

Another window gadget is the Welworth Window Lock. This small device, fastened on the side of the upper sash at the inside, allows the lower window to be opened only to the point of attachment, permitting free ventilation without fear of inviting to unlawful entry. When you want to raise the lower sash all the way up you can swing the window lock to one side.

ONE CHARLES LIPKIN has written a pamphlet on how to multiply easily which has recently come under our eye. No, it has no reference to the familiar Biblical injunction. It tells you how to figure mentally, putting the results directly down on the paper without intermediate written steps. We thought it would be swell to be able to do that, because we were called on the carpet by the Government of this great Nation the other day to explain certain statements we had made in our income tax report, and in the course of our somewhat confused explanations we tried to multiply our weekly stipend by 52, in order to obtain, as you so shrewdly guess, the amount which we earn—or rather, which we are paid—in a year. And we got a figure which did not agree with the figure we had given the United States Government, and then the august representative of that Government proved to us that both figures were wrong. So naturally we were interested in the pamphlet, because we want to be ready for the Government next year. It seems it's quite important to get these things right in figuring out your tax. At least we gathered that after talking with an approved representative of the Internal Revenue Bureau.

Well, we went over the first few pages of the pamphlet, which tells how to multiply mentally and figure by a multiplier having two digits. The first example was 291,736 x 27. It wasn't easy for us because our brain is not geared for a plodding accuracy. We are not ashamed of it. We scorn a mind that goes in for petty mechanical exactness. Nevertheless we did master the method in a short period of intense concentration, and we believe we can now do in our head any multiplication of that kind. Of course the pamphlet went on to multiply mentally figures having any number of digits, and while we understand it, we haven't tried to do it, partly because we do not wish to overburden a brain already weighed down by the necessity for providing a sufficient number of novelties for you each week; partly because we don't see how the necessity can ever arise for multiplying such figures. Not in the line of duty anyway. And we certainly wouldn't do them for pleasure. Nevertheless, we do think a look at this method would be worth the while of an accountant or bookkeeper or any one who has to do much figuring.

IF you have in your attic an old oil-burning lamp which is good looking enough to be wired for electric light, you can now get a converter in brass or nickel plate which is attachable directly to the old burner. This converter is equipped with a chain-pull socket, six feet of silk cord, and a plug.

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Reform and Law

(*Continued from Page 1107*)

from nullification and favors the fullest possible enforcement until it is possible to effect a reform in obedience to law and public opinion. Although Woodrow Wilson vetoed the Volstead Act, it was better enforced by him, or less violated than at any time since, and I am satisfied Governor Smith would be as conscientious in its enforcement as was Wilson.

Let us not challenge the good faith or the morals of those holding opposing views. Many who are opposed to the prohibition law because they are convinced it is unwise and impossible for the Federal Government to enforce total abstinence throughout the Nation, are themselves total abstainers and respectors of the law. On the other hand many of the advocates of the law violate it freely. I can understand how those who oppose a modification of the prohibition law and who obey it themselves, and who still believe it can be made workable, may favor its perpetuation. I cannot, however, understand how anyone who thinks it is an unwise and unworkable law, and who violates it himself, can conscientiously vote for its continuance. To vote for the perpetuation of a law which one believes unsound and harmful, on the ground that nothing can be done about it, is not the way to discharge the duties of citizenship. It is our duty to make the effort.

We have tried by a rigid law to effect a moral reform. We now have the law but not the reform. The failure of the law to bring about the reform has reduced the progress previously made, and brought upon us a new crop of ills from which we are now suffering. If we are to get the reform and remove the ills, we must modify the law and our methods.

The Catholic Conspiracy Myth

(*Continued from Page 1105*)

forces interested in creating a Federal Department of Education, on the ground that this would injure private schools. Events have amply indicated, however, that organizations of this kind are far less attractive to Catholics than they are to Protestants. Many prominent clergymen and laymen disagree with even the fundamental purposes of the Welfare Conference; and for a time hostility threatened to ruin it. Today its chief interests are a news service

(*Please Turn to Page 1137*)

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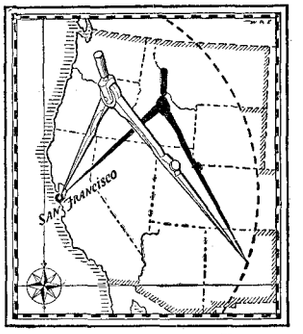

10,000,000 consumers West of the Rockies

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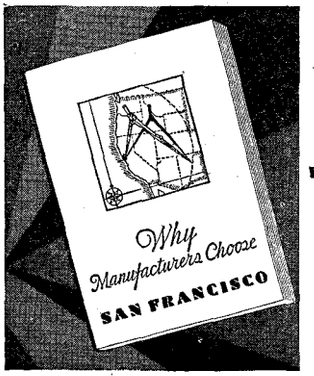
in CALIFORNIA



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The Railroading Van Sweringens

By THOMAS H. GAMMACK

THE VAN SWERINGENS have bought another railroad, their sixth since they turned from the real estate business to railroading twelve years ago.

Not since the time of E. H. Harriman has such absolute personal power been held over large transportation systems as these two brothers, O. P. and M. J. Van Sweringen of Cleveland, now hold. They have a stake in lines inventoried at more than $1,700,000,000 and their stake means positive control.

The New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, the Chesapeake and Ohio, the Erie, the Pere Marquette, the Hocking Valley and now the Buffalo, Rochester, and Pittsburgh, are their roads. There is no question that they control more than half of the voting stocks of all but the Pere Marquette, and although it never has been demonstrated publicly, it is stated as fact by those who should know, that they have better than fifty per cent of Pere Marquette put away where they can get it as soon as the Interstate Commerce Commission may approve the price.

Holding to a rule not to take up a carrier unless they could boss it, they have brought together a group of roads that is destined, if the consolidation tangle is ever straightened out, to be one of four great systems in the East, ranking with the New York Central, Pennsylvania, and Baltimore and Ohio.

The story of their rise to power is a study in constructive genius. Back in 1916 they were real estate operators, with a residential development near Cleveland which needed transportation facilities. In their quest for a right of way they were blocked by land owned by the New York, Chicago, and St. Louis, known as the Nickel Plate. At the same time the New York Central, buying up land for extensions, was balked by the Van Sweringens' purchases. When the I. C. C. directed the Central that year to dispose of one of its three lines between Buffalo and Chicago, the Central elected to drop the Nickel Plate, offered it to the Van Sweringens, induced them to buy and gave them John J. Bernet, then vice-president of the New York Central in charge of operations west of Buffalo, to run it.

The Van Sweringens scraped together a total cash capital of $2,000,000 and gave notes for $650,000 annually for ten years to pay for fifty-two per cent of Nickel Plate stock. They paid for it in less time. In fact, before 1926 the Nickel Plate had been extended through the purchase of the Toledo, St. Louis, and Western and the Lake Erie and Western, and had helped the Van Sweringens to buy the Chesapeake and Ohio Railway as a source for coal.

AFTER the passage of the Transportation Act, with its encouragement of rail mergers, the Van Sweringens foresaw that their roads must eat or be eaten. They chose to eat. In the market they picked up control of Pere Marquette and the Erie. Chesapeake and Ohio bought the Hocking Valley. Around the Nickel Plate they tried to weld these roads into a unit but were turned down by the Commission after long squabbles over terms of exchange for the securities of the various lines. They tried again to unite the Erie and Pere Marquette under the Chesapeake and Ohio, and received permission to acquire only the Pere Marquette, on terms which they are seeking now to have modified. At least they have made a start toward unified operation of their lines.

The history of Van Sweringen roads before and after treatment is striking. The Nickel Plate and the Chesapeake and Ohio have been built up to an enviable prosperity. The same genius that Mr. Bernet applied to rehabilitate the Nickel Plate is now being applied to the Erie, to which he has been transferred, and his record in the first twenty months is remarkable. The Pere Marquette has not felt the touch of the Van Sweringens, but is prospering under the able direction of E. N. Brown.

The Vans believe that money is made at the time they buy their railroads; not by selling or by stock watering and promotion schemes, but by making the property better. The policy is paying them rich dividends, exactly how much cannot be determined. Their primary source of railroad income is the Vaness Corporation, a holding company in which they own eighty per cent of the stock and two associates of their early days own ten per cent each. The Vaness Corporation and the Van Sweringens own fifty-two per cent of the Nickel Plate; the Corporation controls the Chesapeake Corporation; the Chesapeake Corporation controls the Chesapeake and Ohio; the Chesapeake and Ohio controls the Hocking Valley; and the Van Sweringens and the Chesapeake and Ohio jointly control the Erie and the Pere Marquette.

These Cleveland brothers are rarely referred to separately. However inspirational many of their moves appear, they are made only after the most careful study. Their purchase of the control of Wheeling and Lake Erie, for example, was consummated by telephone. The stock was offered then in equal shares to the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio, and accepted. The action was a protective move to prevent interference with the four-party plan by any outsider.

Similarly, their purchase of the Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh for their personal account is regarded as a protective move to insure that the road will be available when the trunk line leaders are ready to agree on a plan. The Buffalo, Rochester and Pittsburgh was slated for division between the New York Central and Baltimore and Ohio, but nearly fell into independent hands when the Delaware and Hudson, agitating for a fifth trunk line system, tried to lease it.

THE BUFFALO, Rochester, and Pittsburgh purchase has a special significance at this time because of the flagging interest in consolidation plans. Since the Pennsylvania Railroad stepped in and bought the Lehigh Valley and Wabash it has been well content to wait for the other systems to offer concessions. The Wabash was coveted by the Baltimore and Ohio; the Lehigh by the Nickel Plate. Now it appears that the Pennsylvania is in a position to drive a good bargain. One of its chief desires has been an east-west line through Buffalo by the use of the Nickel Plate tracks or new construction.

Throughout the merger conferences last winter and spring, according to gossip picked up under the round table, the Van Sweringens displayed the greatest will to reach a compromise, and the greatest readiness to concede a point. Consolidation is a principle which they are fostering, and if they can carry it through it will be a monument to their daring and ability more lasting than their millions in profits.

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The Catholic Conspiracy Myth

(Continued from Page 1135)

and the promotion of civic education among men and women.

Obviously there is nothing very terrifying in all this. And I suppose it is much less frequently referred to than the seventh and more general accusation that the Church is irreconcilably opposed to all things liberal. Does it not frown upon freedom of the press, inquiry into the unknown, democratic government? The answer is that during part of the Nineteenth Century Catholicism was hostile to the liberalism then prevailing. To what extent this antagonism was justified may be learned by consulting Guido de Ruggiero's "History of European Liberalism," which is the standard authority and which cannot be accused of clericalism. It is, of course, conceded that many Catholics (dignitaries even) went too far. They misread the time, and out of a sincere desire to remedy the diseases of revolution, they pinned their faith to a prescription not altogether appropriate.

A wave of "restaurationism"—of desire to rebuild ancient empires and codes—overwhelmed many, particularly distinguished converts to the Church. Many added to their yearning for political stability a wish to employ the Church as a means to an end, dreaming of a return to medieval conditions. This influenced prevailing conceptions of the Papal power, and may even for a time have impressed Rome itself. But when the "romantic" dream of the Middle Ages had given way to a more precise study of what these times really were, it was discovered that the position of the Church during the medieval era had been far from ideal. To some extent it may be considered proved that the idea of government then in vogue was due not to a desire on the part of the Church to annex civil power, but rather to the necessities of a chaotic age which first impelled and then enticed churchmen into civic service and authority.

I believe that "restaurationism" influenced the language and tone of the Syllabus decreed by Pius IX, although the evils there denounced were concrete and menacing and have been thundered against by almost every leading American statesman. At all events, this "restaurationism" reached one logical conclusion in the doctrine of "l'Action Francaise," organization of French royalistic intellectuals. It had done much good by offering a corrective to unbounded revolutionary enthusiasms

(Please Turn to Page 1141)

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"—If You Know What I Mean"

By WALTON MORTON

THE DEPARTING Byrd expedition naturally left an impression of high romance with the rest of the world—few of us though there are—not setting out for the Pole. To be sure, there are no "Lone Eagles" on this trip, nor may we speak, in terms of strict accuracy, of a "steadfast little band" or of the "solitary igloo" hitherto so indispensably a part of polar narrative. No, there are too many of them for that, but no matter. The flavor of strange and unearthly adventure abides, nevertheless, with the steadfast little band of us who stay at home.

No less strange, though, and practically as unearthly, are the inspired bulletins with which the "New York Times" is refreshing its jaded readers while the expedition is still on the high seas. Their little *vignettes*—about 1,500 words each—are full of the lore of the sea, yet, withal, conceived in a surprisingly merry, not to say trivial, vein: a sort of a combination, if you please, of Herman Melville and Edna St. Vincent Millay, with just a *soupçon* of the Rover Boys added for good measure.

Perhaps you ran across that little thumbnail sketch the other day—about a column and a half or so—telling how the boys had been fishing. First they caught a shark, so the story went, but "your true seaman despises sharks" so they threw him back again. Next they hauled in a fine tuna, an edible species too, and you can believe that they lost no time in popping old Mr. Tuna right into a big black pot and cooking him for dinner. (Heigh—ho! Blow! Blo-o-o-w!) And one old salt, the story continued, insisted on putting a half-dollar in the pot, for, said he, sailor-like, "if the silver don't turn black the fish is fit to eat."

Now that's the kind of thing that I like to mull over with my morning coffee, along with the campaign news and tales of the Graf Zeppelin. Nothing sexy, no shooting or crashes, no armored-car stick-ups or fourteen-story suicides—just a clean, fresh yarn of the salt sea, the sort of thing you could give your sister to read. (I'm not sure, however, whether the old salt called it "silver" or "siller" and it may be that he "vouchsafed" his theory, too.)

But come! Let us cross the "line" with Joe Deganahl, scientist and press-poet extraordinary of the good ship Eleanor Bolling! (Blow, blo-o-o-w!) Placing the left palm on the pit of the stomach and the right hand at the small of the back and rapidly alternating these positions, let us scan the text of Neptune's address to Captain Brown, ye-he! It's "Copyright 1928 Throughout the World" but after all, we lovers of the sea are all brothers under the skin. Here:

"In the name of Rex Neptune, Supreme Ruler of the Seas within the Polar boundaries of the North and the great Antarctic of the South, I greet you and command your attention.

"It has come to our royal attention that without permission the steamship Eleanor Bolling has dared to invade the sacred domain of my master Rex Neptune and with the high disdain of the royal and most sacred right of my August Master you, as master of the steamship Eleanor Bolling, have dared to number among your crew not a few landlubbers. . . ." etc., etc., etc.

THE SPEECH runs to precisely four inches; if you want to read the rest of it, you can find it in the "Times" of October 19, right next to the news that the 1929 budget for the city of New York is $26,399,865 above the 1928 figure. (With a ye, and a he, and a ye, he, he!) The whole story, in fact, counting a day's run of 400,000 copies, appears to have consumed some 135,000 square feet of fresh white paper. But let's get back to Joe Deganahl as he squares away with the rest of the yarn.

"Rank was forgotten," so Joe tells us. "George W. Tennant, chief cook, who had spent the night baking mustard pies and roast squid, passed out his wares as the doctor called for them. . . . A ducking in the barrel of water prepared the landlubbers for the barber. . . . Then they passed before the King and Queen to become members of the fraternity of the sea." For, Joe explains in more serious measures, "the tradition of the sea demanded that no one cross the Equator for the first time without undergoing the ritual of the court. . . . The law of Neptune was relentless."

Now it does seem probable that if the Byrd expedition only lasts long enough, we shall find an increasing tendency to apply to our everyday life the various traditions and lore of the sea. Governor Smith, hot in the middle of a public address, will suddenly break off and announce: "As President of these great United States, I am sworn to uphold Neptune's law. But—I should be derelict in my duties as Chief Magistrate if I failed to suggest to Congress —etc." Herbert Hoover, breaking his inherited silence, might oracularly affirm: "Red sky at morning, sailors take warning. Red sky at night, sailors delight!" Will Rogers would discard his chewing gum for a bit of oakum or a fragment of the taff-rail. Ship models would take on an entirely unprecedented significance and the people who are fond of spouting the lyrics of "H. M. S. Pinafore" might find themselves reinstated in the society of other folks. Luckies and Listerine would all at once be found to cure seasickness with a vigor previously quite unsuspected. "I'd row a mile for a Camel."

* * * * *

Another high-light of the Metropolitan press:

The "World" ran to earth, all by itself, a brand new visiting author and —by what cajolery or trickery I don't know—managed to wring a few "impressions" from her. Leonora Ervine was the name and the "World" proudly refers to her as "stirring up a hornet's nest," so pungent were her views. The lady took a stroll up Fifth Avenue, it seems, and remarked to a conveniently nearby journalist, who had apparently sprung from nowhere, "Alas, I didn't see a single well-dressed man." Further, she offered, American men are given to the odious belt instead of the more decorous suspender.

Did the "World" let this go unchallenged? Never! One hundred extra rolls of newsprint were promptly fed into the greedy presses. Photographs of eight billionaire New Yorkers were rushed to the relief—all suspender wearers. One man, a certain James McVickar, was produced who threw his suspenders away after the second wearing and began all over again. Guernsey Curran, Jr., delivered a neat address on when to take off the silver buckles and put on the gold. (6:45 P.M., I believe it was.)

We now await Mrs. Ervine's next move. Is it checkmate, Mrs. Ervine?

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Picked at Random

By Walter R. Brooks

Neil Gordon's The New Gun Runners Harcourt, Brace

Quite awful was the plot by which De la Rey and his daughter and their associates expected to do away finally with all war and oppression, and they would have succeeded, too, if it hadn't been for several very inquisitive young men who seemed to have nothing more important to do than peek through windows and gumshoe around other people's back yards. Nevertheless, what with bombs and Bolsheviks and midnight attacks and quite a lot of ruthlessness, it's an exciting story, told not too seriously. Only we feel that with the motor traffic on the roads around London what it is today, it was a little inconsiderate of Mr. Gordon to run so many long processions of cars through the streets. You know the kind of thing. You jump in a taxi and say, "Follow that car ahead. There's an extra sovereign in it if you don't lose him." And then a man who has been watching you picks up the next taxi, and a friend of yours who has been watching him picks up the next one, and so on until you have the beginnings of a very respectable parade.

J. S. Fletcher's The Shadow of Ravenscliffe Clode

There was a wicked plot to scare young Sir Francis Langdale to death with a magic lantern, and another of those hunchbacks with angelic faces so often met in mystery stories, and a tutor, and a sinister housekeeper, and a mysterious forgery, and several people who turn out to be somebody else. If fact is stranger than fiction, detective stories are stranger than fact, and this is quite strange, but readable. And the cripple's name was Thormthwaite, which is still stranger, and not a word we'd like to have to pronounce after the third cocktail.

Not at Night! Macy-Masius

Creepy tales for horror addicts and shudder lovers. In his introduction, Herbert Asbury says: "Criticis will look in vain for evidences of the skill and erudition displayed by such masters of the horror story as Poe, Bierce and Blackwood. But any such comparison would be manifestly unfair, for the only criteria applied in selecting these tales were shock and gruesomeness." Nevertheless, we don't feel that such a comparison is unfair. We found in our youth that a badly constructed firecracker wouldn't explode. Neither will a badly constructed and badly written horror story horrify. A very small horror, well handled, will give you more cold shudders than all the man-eating plants, boneless girls, vampires, giant leeches, slimy sea monsters and pseudosurgical experiments in this book. Some of them aren't bad, it is true. But a horror story that merely isn't bad hasn't much to recommend it. The trouble is that in practically all of these tales the authors have put the emphasis in the wrong place, on the physical details of blood and ugliness and monstrosity. They have plowed up the dictionary. "His mordacious propinquity casts a reviling sensation of obscenity about me," says one. But consider "The Monkey's Paw," one of the best horror stories every written. Nothing horrible about the paw itself. The creepiness is all in the handling—the suggestions, the suspense. No, these stories just won't jell.

T. Morris Longstreth's Sons of the Mounted Police Century

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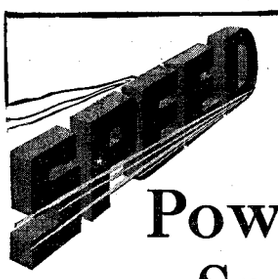
(Please turn to page 1144)



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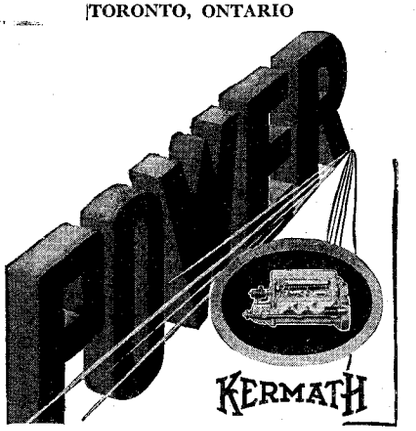

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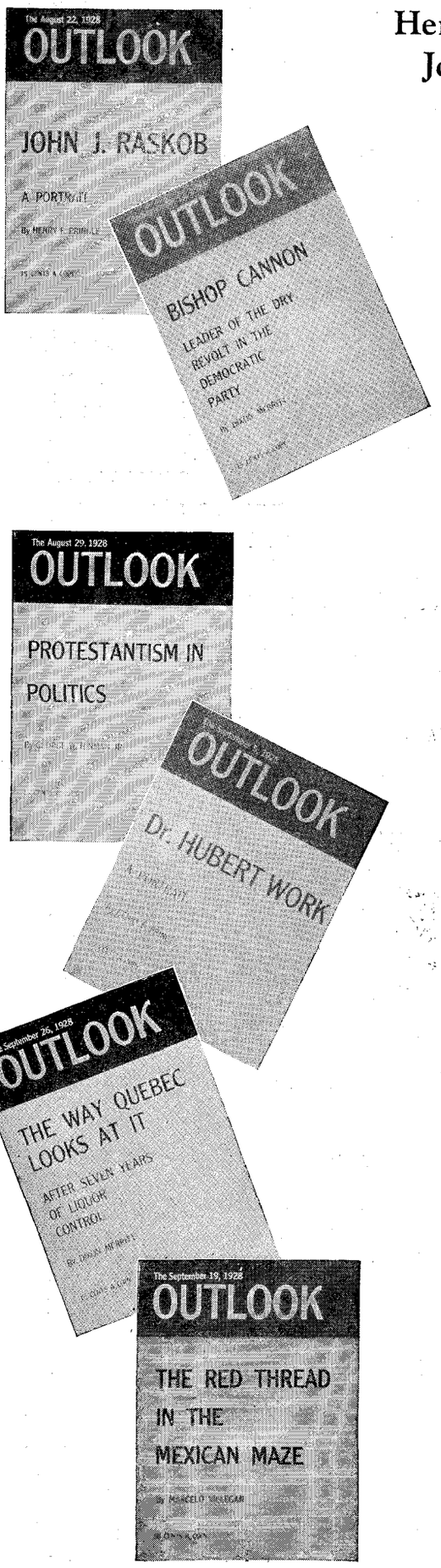

Herbert Hoover — Prohibition
John J. Raskob — Birth Control
Bishop Cannon — Mexico
Dr. Work — Protestantism
Al Smith — Catholicism

THESE are just a few of the outstanding personalities and issues that The Outlook has discussed in the past few months.

It is our sincere desire to give our readers a bird's-eye view of the interesting people and questions that present themselves from day to day at home and abroad—not for the purpose of moulding the readers' opinions, but to help them form their own opinions better.

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The Catholic Conspiracy Myth

(Continued from Page 1137)

and by calling attention to a neglected part of human history. But it had also done a great deal of harm by constraining the Catholic faith into the service of one social philosophy. Mr. Hilaire Belloc was temporarily attracted to it. His famous sentence, "The Catholic Church is in its root principle at issue with the civil definition of freedom and authority," is not a restatement of immemorial Catholic teaching but rather a crystallization of doctrine dear to "l'Action Francaise."

This movement has now been condemned by Rome, not in the sense that royalism is disapproved of (for the Church is indifferent toward forms of government) but in the sense that "restaurationism" is not to be accepted as part of the faith. How gradually and completely the Church has shaken off allegiance to this one view of government that seemed to be creeping upon her from outside, may be learned from a few recent facts: The eulogy of Dante in an encyclical of Pope Benedict XV, despite the circumstance that the poet had placed a Pope in the Inferno and written pages adjudged to be deserving of condemnation. The recent beatification of Cardinal Robert Bellarmine, to whom we owe the clearest description of the circumstances under which a Catholic ought not to obey the Sovereign Pontiff. The canonization of St. Jeanne d'Arc, (which, by the way, was first promoted by a full-blooded German monk and theologian), regarding which a Jesuit authority has declared in the official organ of his Society that it regularizes spiritual independence as a form of sanctity. The beginning of labors to determine the title of Savonarola, opponent of the Papacy in his time, to canonization. The permission accorded to the clergy of Mexico by the Holy See to accept a civil status far less favorable to religion than what is established by custom in the United States.

The list could be extended over another page. As it stands, however, it is a strong challenge to the "liberal" argument against Catholicism. Many people think the American Catholics are very much more "advanced" than their European brethren. As a matter of fact, the exact opposite is true, as anyone can discover by subjecting himself to a few hours of comparative reading. I find it very odd, for instance, that no American (particularly none of the Lutheran ministers who expressed their fear of "political Catholicism" some weeks ago) seems to have heard of the *Staatslexicon* published by the Gorresgesellschaft, which is the organization of German Catholic theologians and intellectuals. Yet this book, written sixteen years ago, deals with the whole problem in a spirit which may be judged by the fact that I have drawn upon it heavily for the present paper.

Really there is only one thing to be said in conclusion regarding current discussion: we Americans can live tranquilly together, with no just fear of "Catholic domination;" and anybody who doubts this may, if he will take the pains, convince himself that while persons who accept the Papal decrees regarding faith and morals are subject to all sorts of human weaknesses, their faith teaches precisely what the best among them have tried to put into practice.

The Personalities Have It

(Continued from Page 1123)

record. The Governor's broad humor and swordlike thrusts, in these instances, were suppressed by his desire to lay before his hearers the facts and figures as he read them. He could not wholly restrain himself, however. His parting shot in his Helena speech was: "If I had had to defend the Republican record, I would have lost my voice a week ago—before I started out." This was his comment on the report that Senator Curtis, Hoover's running mate, had been ordered to discontinue outdoor speeches because of an attack of laryngitis.

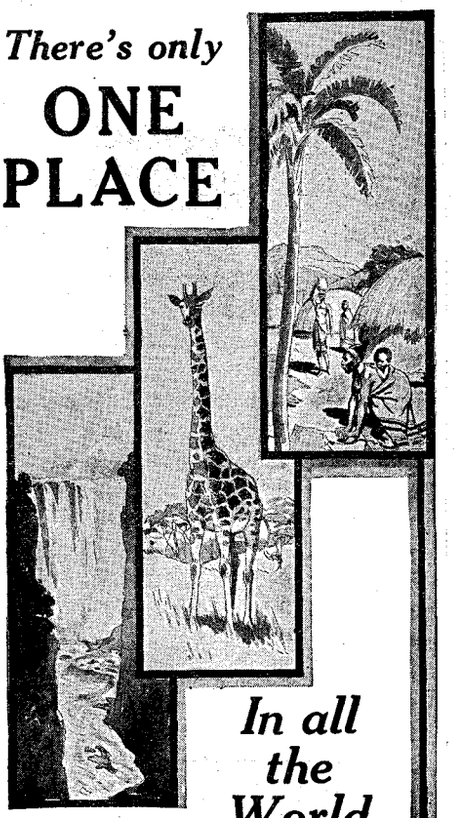
To Governor Smith a political campaign is a war, each speech an attack and each appearance before the public an opportunity to stage a trench raid. Already he has trained his guns directly on Hoover, Coolidge, Mrs. Willebrandt, the Ku Klux Klan, Mellon, Will H. Hays, participants in the oil scandals and lesser figures. He needed no cries of "Pour it on, Al!" to discharge his heavy artillery. None knows better than he that only in open battle has he any prospect of overcoming Hoover's advantage in numbers. If Hoover will not move out from his fortifications, Smith must drive him out.

Whatever may be the personal motives and political philosophy that prompt the two candidates in their campaigns, their latest announcements indicate that the present alignment will last through November 6.

"We will have a good, hard, clean fight," promised Governor Smith at Omaha.

"Ours is not a campaign of opposition," said Mr. Hoover at Washington.

There's only ONE PLACE



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The Dower Chest

WHEN Czechoslovakia was Bohemia—so Miss Williamson's neighbor, Mrs. Duben, relates—every family raised geese, and no girl's dowry was complete without at least two mammoth beds and half a dozen pillows of goose feathers. As winter evenings grew long, neighbors gathered at each other's homes to strip the down from the feathers that had been drying all summer. Under a stone jar, set upside down in the center of the table, each worker pushed the fluffy down, and not until this jar tilted from the pressure beneath were refreshments served—a delicious little cake, kolace, huge dill pickles and strong coffee.

Little girls helped with the task, but after supper, when eyelids grew heavy, the older women started story-telling to spur on the laggards. "The Dower Chest" was always contributed by Mrs. Duben's grandmother.

The Dower Chest

As told by a Czechoslovakian neighbor to
MISS DOROTHY WILLIAMSON

By HARRIET EAGER DAVIS
Illustrated by FRANK W. PEERS

THERE was once a poor girl named Dollie who lived with her cruel step-mother and her unkind step-sister. Whenever they baked an apple-pie, Dolly got only cores and parings; if the step-sister had a new dress, she gave the old one to Dollie. But though they were so cruel, the little girl was always sweet and kind.

When Barbara, the step-sister, reached her sixteenth birthday, her mother said: "Now, Barbara, it is time for you to make your journey to the Little House in the Forest to fetch your dower-chest. Here are your journey-cakes of white flour and sugar to eat along the road."

So Barbara dressed in her best, took her journey-cakes and started out. She walked and she walked and she walked until she came to a well. "Oh Barbara!" cried the well. "Please clean me out."

But Barbara tossed her head and answered, "Clean yourself out, you dirty thing!" and went on toward the forest.

Soon she came to a hill, very rough and uneven. "Oh Barbara!" cried the hill. "Please straighten me out."

But Barbara tossed her head and answered: "Straighten yourself out, you crooked thing!" and went on.

Just as darkness fell, she reached the Little House in the Forest. Opening the door boldly, she walked in. There stood a cat and a dog. "Good evening, Barbara," they said, bowing politely

But Barbara only tossed her head and answered: "I don't talk to cats and dogs."

In the next room she lay down on a soft white bed and slept all night, but as the early sun shone through the window, she woke and saw three chests standing in a row.

"Cat! Dog!" she called rudely. "Which chest shall I take?"

"The largest and finest, of course," answered the cat and dog. So picking up the largest chest, Barbara set it on her shoulder and started for home.

She walked and she walked and she walked till she came to the rough and crooked hill. By this time, the chest, was bearing down so heavily on her shoulder that she could scarcely stagger.

"What a lot of fine things it must hold," she thought proudly. Then she called to the hill: "Hill, help me carry this chest!" But the hill answered: "Carry it yourself, you lazy thing!" So Barbara had to climb the rough and crooked hill till she was tired and breathless.

After resting at the top, she walked till she came to the well. By this time her lips were parched and her throat dry. "Give me a drink, well," she cried. But the well answered: "Get your own drink!" so she went on.

When at last she came in sight of her mother's house, she called: "Dollie, come take my chest!" Dollie came running, and carrying the heavy chest the rest of the way, set it on the door-step. Then Barbara and her mother opened in—but what a sight met their eyes! Sticks and stones, rags and bones, tin pans and old cans! Barbara wept and her mother scolded, for well they knew that no maiden may make more than one journey to the Little House in the Forest.

Dollie's sixteenth birthday came a few weeks later, so her step-mother said: "Well, you lazy, good-for-nothing girl, I suppose you will have to make your journey to the Little House in the Forest, though you will probably bring home a chest-full of rubbish, so be off with you! Here are journey-cakes of ashes and salt."

Dollie dressed as best she could in one of Barbara's old dresses, took the journey-cakes and set forth. She walked and she walked and she walked until she came to a well. "Oh, Dollie," cried the well, "please clean me out!"

So kind Dollie stopped and cleared away the weeds and sticks choking the well, and went on her way.

Soon she came to a hill, very rough and uneven. "Oh, Dollie!" cried the hill, "please straighten me out!"

So the girl smoothed and patted the hill until it was level and straight, and went on her way. Just as darkness fell, she came to the Little House in the Forest. Knocking gently on the door, she heard a pleasant voice call: "Come in!" and there stood a cat and a dog.

"Good evening, Dollie," they said.

"Good evening to you, kind friends," answered Dollie. "May I stay here until morning?"

"Indeed you may," cried the cat and the dog. "But first you must have your supper," and they led her to a little white table spread with roast duckling and mashed potatoes, white bread and honey, salad and sweet cakes.

(*Please Turn to Page 1144*)

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The Dower Chest

(*Continued from Page 1142*)

When Dollie had eaten her fill, the cat and the dog led her to a soft white bed where she slept soundly all night. But as the early sun shone through the window, she woke and saw three chests standing in a row.

"Please, kind friends," she called, "which shall I take?"

"The smallest and oldest, to be sure," answered the cat and dog, so though she thought their advice very odd, Dollie picked up the shabby little trunk, set it on her shoulder and after bidding her friends goodbye, started for home.

But by the time she reached the place where the hill had been, the chest had grown quite heavy. "Oh, how nice to have no steep hill to climb!" cried Dollie, tripping happily along the smooth road.

By the time she came to the well, she felt very thirsty. "Please, kind well, give me a drink of your good water," she begged, and the well gladly gave her enough to drink and to bathe her hot face and hands. So after thanking the well, she went merrily on her way.

As Dolly came near home, Barbara ran dancing to meet her. "Sticks and stones, rags and bones, tin cans and old cans!" she jeered, then hurrying back to the house without helping, she called her mother.

But Dollie set her chest down on the doorstep and cried: "Mother, Sister! Come see what I have in my dower-chest!" Then she raised the lid. What a sight met her eyes!

Silks and satins, bed-linen and table linen, laces and embroideries, ribbons and brocades, jewels, silver-ware—would she never reach the end?

"Oh, Sister!" she cried. "Here is more than enough for you and me too. We shall both have our dowers after all."

When the unkind step-mother and step-sister heard Dollie's kind words, they grew so ashamed that they threw their arms about her neck and kissed her, begging forgiveness. And from that time forward they all lived happily together.

Picked at Random

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could perfume the ship while the men were trying out the sharks' livers. The wreck of this same ship on Midway Island later furnished Stevenson with the plot for "The Wrecker." Captain Cameron, then first officer, tells the story of this wreck, of their life on the island and the forty-three day trip in an open boat which brought him back to civilization, and it makes as thrilling a sea story as anything Clark Russell or any of his followers ever wrote.

Arthur Weigall's Infidelity Brentano

Concerns itself with the difficulties encountered by Peregrine and Camilla, who, on their honeymoon in an English hotel on the Riviera, endeavor to conceal the fact that they are married from Camilla's aunt, who disapproves of marriage but not of love. Scandal, of course; and then appears Peregrine's father, who must be convinced that they are not living in sin. The amazing cleverness of Camilla in playing the characters off against each other makes an extremely amusing comedy, of which we like everything but the title. But titles aren't supposed to mean anything anyway.

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